JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 1.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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Vol. III. No. 62. Saturday, August 10th, 1907. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

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SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS at present.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT SCHEME FOR THE SELECTION OF TEN READERS TO DEVOTE ONE WEEK OF THEIR SPARE TIME IN PUSHING THE SALE OF "JOHN BULL."

£5 NOTES WAITING FOR HOLDERS OF THE UNDERMENTIONED NUMBERS:—

The following were the drawn numbers for our ISSUE OF JUNE 29TH:—

227,828	194,178
188,100	205,874
197,812	244,214
255,929	278,331
228,962	295,351

Just as we were going to press (which we are obliged to do earlier than usual owing to Bank Holiday arrangements) we received three claims in respect of the above numbers from the following readers:—

Mr. Henry A. Pritchard, c.o. The National Bank, 13, Old Broad Street, E.C., in respect of No. 197,812.

Mr. Frank Smith, 75, Blenheim Street, Princes Avenue, Hull, in respect of No. 228,962, and

Mr. J. H. Stephenson, 118, High Street, Oxford, in respect of No. 205,351, and cheques have been forwarded accordingly.

The following are the drawn numbers for our ISSUE OF JULY 6TH:—

313,241	295,489
298,790	346,159
311,093	288,654
344,536	342,107
314,751	357,871

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL dated June 29th and July 6th respectively bearing any of the above numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of FIVE POUNDS, in return for his using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

As we have already explained, the scheme is in no sense a lottery. We desire to increase our sales, and prefer to have canvassers who are already readers rather than strangers. Every reader can, without interference with present occupation, find ample opportunity in the course of a week for making our journal better known. He can distribute specimen copies (a supply of which we shall be happy to forward) amongst his friends and neighbours; he can interview newsagents and bookstall clerks; he can acquaint us of any difficulty he may experience in obtaining copies; he can show and discuss the paper in the train, the tram, the 'bus, the office, the workshop—and in a thousand other ways he can render us good service.

In addition to the £5 payable to the holder of each of the numbers, Messrs. Curzon Bros., the well-known tailors, of 60 and 62, City Road, have promised to present to every winner one of their suits to measure, absolutely free of charge.

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF JULY 13TH.

THE TEN NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S COVER WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED SEPTEMBER 14TH (PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 12TH).

In other words, an interval of five weeks elapses between the publication of each issue and the announcement of the successful numbers, the delay being necessary for trade purposes.

No correspondence can be entered into with regard to this Scheme, it being simplicity itself.

The decision of the Editor upon all points is absolutely final.

Drawings take place every Saturday. Any reader wishing to be present at such drawings will be notified of the time and place of same, provided he applies to us not later than first post on Thursdays.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

We are very pleased to have been the means of securing an important amendment in the Criminal Appeal Bill. As the measure emerged from Committee, it gave an unconditional right of appeal only on questions of law: with a permissive right, contingent upon the leave of the Court of Criminal Appeal, upon questions of fact, or of mixed law and fact. In our view, this fell altogether short of what would satisfy the public conscience, and accordingly we have striven throughout to obtain an unconditional right to a person under sentence of death to go to the Court of Criminal Appeal. It was in the very early hours of Tuesday morning—when most of the world was asleep—that we had the satisfaction of at length obtaining the acceptance by the Attorney-General of our clause, and amongst the numerous congratulations we received, one of the very first, and most valued, came from young Mr. Grayson, who had been an attentive listener to the whole of the discussion, and who was good enough to express the view that we had made the only real contribution to it.

Apropos of our recent criticism of *London Opinion's* "Limerick" scheme, several readers have called our attention to the fact that a full namesake of our own, apparently living at 5, Rupert Road, Huyton, Liverpool, is comprised in the list of consolation prize-winners published in last week's issue of our contemporary. We say "apparently" living at that address, with the recollection of Mr. Rogers, of Skinner Street, Clerkenwell, in our mind. We will make enquiries.

Our attention has been called to the regulations issued by the much-advertised Union Jack Club for the information of individuals seeking its hospitality. It appears that unless "the unit" to which a man belongs is a subscriber to the funds of the Club, however distressed he may be he is not entitled to receive its benefits unless he becomes an "individual member," involving a subscription of a shilling for a month, or 2s. 6d. for a year; whilst "to comply with the law, it is necessary for this application and money to be received at least 48 hours before you can join the Club." Subject to these formalities, a bedroom can be obtained at 9d. a night, baths at 3d., and food and drink "of the best quality at low prices." As the institution is evidently to be made self-supporting, we are tempted to ask why the public was dunned so persistently for funds. And we further venture to suggest that had it been known that a stranded soldier or sailor, "in order to comply with the law," might have to wait 48 hours before he could become a member, simply because his "unit" was not a subscriber, money would not have flowed so freely.

Sir Edward Clarke writes correcting a statement in our recent reference to the case of an ex-Lord Mayor, in which some years ago, Sir Charles Russell, who had been retained for the defence, and had taken various important steps in regard to it, subsequently, as Attorney-General, acted for the prosecution—first obtaining the leave of his late client to do so. We incidentally mentioned that Sir Edward, as Solicitor-General, at the date of the commencement of the proceedings, had advised the prosecution, and that subsequently he became leading counsel for the defence. Sir Edward says this was not so, and that he was not professionally consulted until after the proceedings had been commenced. We were certainly under the impression that the important Treasury prosecution in question was not embarked upon without the advice of the law officers of the Crown, but of course we must accept Sir Edward's statement. At the same time, we venture to suggest that a more minute reference to the papers might refresh his recollection. Our main point, however, was the farce of counsel who acted for the defendant suddenly, with that defendant's consent, becoming his prosecutor.

The announcement made by Mr. Justice Darling that, in addition to the sentence of penal servitude for life passed by him upon the man "Smith," he had further recommended deportation to America, recalls the story of the prisoner who, being sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, pleaded for a remission on the ground that he was suffering from heart disease, and could not possibly live more than a few years—whereupon the judge observed, "In those circumstances the court will take a merciful view of the case, and the sentence will be imprisonment for the term of your natural life."

The disappearance of the jewels from Dublin Castle reminds one that few histories make mention of the theft of the French Crown jewels in 1792. This was the year of the invasion of the Tuileries and the heroic death of the Swiss guard. Probability would point to the robbery having been committed by one of the mob, though the punishment for theft was instant death, inflicted by the patriots themselves. Then it was thought that if the jewels had been stolen by a poor Parisian want would have compelled their sale, whereas it was several years before anything was heard concerning them. Only a few years ago an emerald necklace was discovered which was thought to be part of the booty. A woman, who died in Dublin, left a necklace which seemed to be composed of green stones. As the setting, however, was of gold, the sum of £5 was obtained for it; later it changed hands for £12,000, and was ultimately bought by Lord Rosebery for £20,000, he being satisfied that the necklace did once form part of the French Crown jewels. What gave colour to the story at the time was the fact that the grandfather of the deceased woman had been employed about the Court of Louis XVI.

So we are to have a Women's Parliament after all, in defiance of Mere Man and entirely independent of the Suffragettes. The plan as outlined promises well, and we shall watch developments with interest. The decision, however, to apply to the present Government to build a prison for women only needs explanation. It may be simply a plan to get a meeting place on the cheap. Later on, doubtless, we shall have a Women's Army—of course, for Home Defence only.

There is a sly form of humour in John Chinaman, as a rule, despite his immovable stolidity. We note that Colonel Tinge, one of the Chinese delegates at the Peace Conference, wants a definition of "war," and recently he cited examples from the history of China where "expeditions" had taken place—an "expedition" not being called a "war," but undistinguishable in its results. Really, we expect the British delegates must have felt as if there were nails sticking up in their chairs whilst the Colonel was speaking. But, of course, we all understand what has been done has always been for the good of the Chinese; quite so—don't mention it.

"To-day's Diary.—St. John the Evangelist, East Dulwich: Garden party and fête, 3." It sounds quaint, but, of course, it was John the Baptist who went into the wilderness. We hope East Dulwich will profit from the evangel's visit.

The Czar of Russia is said to be holding spiritualistic *séances* with the shades of his departed ancestors. We should really like to hear Catherine II. and Peter the Great expressing their opinions of their descendant. We are puzzled to know how the Czar manages to hold converse with Alexander II.—but perhaps Nihilist bombs do not affect the "shades." Otherwise it would

be a tiring job to discuss problems of State with disintegrated atoms.

Mr. Swift MacNeill generally "gets there" when he starts, and his reference to "A judge who is thought fit to be head of the criminal jurisdiction in Ireland at the age of ninety-two," rather startled the House, especially as "at the same time this judge's son, a member of this House of Commons, has applied to be relieved of service on a Committee, on the ground of old age." It sounds quaint, but—there! You only want to be a member of Parliament for just one session to almost believe you are living in the Dark Ages. Some day a Cromwell will come along, and shut the show up for ten years or so, and we doubt if the country will be any the worse. Litigants will probably have more attention paid to their cases. Between a House of Lords and a House of Lawyers there is little to choose, except that in the former the speeches are brief, and in the latter they are briefs.

Characteristic of Mr. Justice Bigham was his omission from the sentence of death on Brinkley of the words which would have rolled with solemn unction from the lips of almost any other judge on the Bench. "There is only one sentence for the crime of which you stand guilty," said his lordship, "and it is that you be taken from hence to the place whence you came, and thence to a place of execution, and then hanged by the neck until you are dead." That is all. The brief and brotherly hope customarily added, "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul," was not pronounced. Not being a sentimental person, Mr. Justice Bigham probably thought that this was none of his affair, that he could safely leave the future of Brinkley in other hands, whatever the future and whosoever the hands, and that any pious hopes on his part would be utterly superfluous. Indeed, the sentence is seen to be businesslike to a degree; short, sharp, and to the point, without either sermon or prayer. It rather recalls the sentence we have heard attributed to Mr. Justice Maule in similar painful circumstances. When the jury had delivered their verdict, Maule is said to have risen from his seat and left the court. The Clerk of Arraigns fetched him back, pointing out that he had not pronounced sentence. "Oh," said he to the prisoner, "it is pointed out to me that I have not pronounced sentence. I apologise. You can be hanged!"

That the Simple Life is the best sort of life any of us could live goes without the saying. But this is a curious world, and none of us, or rather few of us, want the best sort of life, but the sort of life we like best; which is another story. The Simple Life would ruin all the big hotels in London, and cut all the kings of the kitchen adrift on the wide, wide world. Also when you begin to tell millionaires, Rand magnates, and other considerable metallurgists that when in search of food the very best they can procure consists of wholemeal bread, herrings, oatmeal, nuts, cheese, lentils, treacle and dripping, they begin to wonder why they have made their earthly goal a cash box. If all the best, because all the most nutritious, food can be procured at about sixpence a meal, and is therefore within reach of every Tom, Dick and Harry, what is the use of putting up at the Carlton, the Ritz, or the Savoy, and paying £2 per head for a dinner which shortens your time on earth, upsets your temper, makes you dyspeptic, and reminds you that the liver is the life? It is a horrible thing to be a millionaire if you cannot spend the money.

Was not it Abernethy who was once asked by a patient for a recipe for indigestion, and who promptly answered, "Certainly, live on sixpence a day—and earn it?" The Simple Life as advocated by the wondrous array of doctors at the Mansion House the other day really comes to that. Therefore, we venture to doubt whether herrings or dripping will become as popular in Belgrave Square and Park Lane as, judging by dietetic values, they should be. Nor will they be in favour on the menus of fashionable hotels, for even hotel-managers have a conscience, and they cannot charge *à la carte* for either treacle or dripping. So the Simple Life, at all events among millionaires and the aristocracy, is likely to be postponed *sine die*, which is to be regretted, for over-feeding is the curse of the times. Character is largely the result of food. Tell us a man's favourite dishes and drinks, and we will tell you his character.

Recently Sir James Barr expressed the opinion that heads were growing smaller, but both Professor Karl Pearson and Dr. Bernard Hollander take leave to differ. In any case, nobody now pretends that a man has to be judged by the cut of his coat or the size of his hat. Not all the mightiest brains are contained in the biggest heads. Notoriously, there are some extremely large heads in the lunatic asylums, as well as some extremely small ones. The biggest head one could find at any given moment, say in the Strand, might be owned by a statesman, no doubt, but by a chance it might belong to a gentleman who had escaped the attention of the Commissioners in Lunacy. The big-headed man, considered merely as such, is, therefore, not to be mentally over-estimated. You can never tell the thickness of his skull, which may be cracked, or the quality of his brain substance, which may be very poor. As we understand the matter, even weight of brain does not necessarily imply quality of that convoluted grey matter which is supposed to be physiologically significant of high mentality. A vast deal of high mathematical faculty, for instance, can be got into a not very large hat, if of the right shape. Virchow once lighted on a brain weighing 1,911 grammes without corresponding mental development in its owner. The elephant would require a very large hat, so would the ass. Undoubtedly it is true that the races with the highest mentality have the biggest heads. But to argue from the general to the particular is liable to lead the student of character a long way astray.

A great deal of unnecessary trouble has been wasted over the investigation of alleged canals in Mars. Because these canals appear to have a geometrical pattern, it has been hastily concluded that they are the work of intelligent beings, as though nature did not afford plenty of instances of geometrical patterns. And, after all, what can it matter to anyone whether Mars is inhabited or not? We shall never get near enough to fight the Martians, or colonise their planet, or deluge it with invisible exports.

P.T.O. informs us that "a morganatic marriage is, of course, a marriage . . . in which the Royal partner abandons certain privileges of his rank in order to contract the union." Note the "of course" and the capital to the adjective.

Somebody has sent us a copy of the June number of the *Protestant Times*. We gather that the journal is the champion of "The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England," and that it is edited by Mr. Leopold D. E. Smith. It is apparently also in some way connected with "The Calvinistic Protestant Union," of which Mr. David Catt, of 74, Strand, London, would appear to be the moving spirit. On page 16 of the journal we find a long epistle, under the heading of "My Young Helpers," addressed to "My dear young friends," and signed by "Your true friend, D. Catt." It appears that Mr. Catt wants each of his dear young friends to send him 21s., to celebrate the coming of age of either the *Protestant Times* or "Calvinistic Union," as to which we are left in the dark. He also wants them to take collecting boxes to obtain funds for the "cause." And now comes the point which specially interests us. "I have to thank a very kind friend," says Mr. Catt, "who has given me 21

ladies' and gentlemen's watches." And then, after an appeal to his dear young friends not to "all get too excited," Mr. Catt proceeds to explain that they are "Swiss lever watches, in nice gun-metal cases, and are guaranteed splendid timekeepers." One of these wonderful timepieces is to be given to "*each one who first collects and sends in 21s.*"! Then there is a batch of silver chains for the second lot who send in 21s. each. "But suppose we collect 21s. and others are before us and the 21 watches are gone, what then?" Mr. Catt says he can hear his young friends saying. He is prepared with the answer: His "kind friend has almost hinted that if these prove a success he might give another 21, but, apart from that, I think I have secured another friend to do likewise." And then all the dear young friends are urged to get together 21s., and their innocent young eyes are dazzled with a page illustration of the watches—which are of the usual trumpery British-Brahmo-Macdonald type, and dear at almost any price. Of course, the thing is transparent. "The kindness of a friend" is all bunkum. Mr. Catt knows very well where he can buy these watches for a very few shillings each, taking the balance of the guinea for the "cause." We think it time that someone should bell this Catt.

The Press are very fond of trying to nose out scandals which do not concern them. The other night a gentleman was robbed of his watch and chain. As it appears that he had "taken the daughter of the vine to spouse," or, at anyrate, coquetted with her, he shrank from publicity and did not want to prosecute. Now the *Daily Mail* indulges in sensational headlines, and kindly suggests that he is a Member of Parliament. Well, supposing he was, why should his private affairs be dragged out into the open? Such action on the part of newspapers tends to defeat justice, for no one wants to have it proclaimed that he was titubating about the streets in the wee sma' hours. It is bad enough that innocent prisoners should be pilloried whenever false charges are brought against them, but it is even worse that we may not prosecute thieves in peace.

Mr. Deakin is reported to be trying a rest-cure, no doubt very necessary after all his gourmandising in this island. But what a pity the rest-cure never occurred to him over here. We really think we shall have to follow his example, if only the good Lord will deliver us from Twain and Ohio "prize girls" and other hungry hustlers from beyond the seas.

When Mr. Gladstone goes out of office he will have at least one claim to public gratitude; he will probably have reprieved more murderers than any of his predecessors. He does not always wait for the public; if he did, the public executioner would have a great deal more to do than he has at present. His method seems to be to examine the evidence to see whether he can find any possible ground for mercy, and, having found it, he seizes upon it eagerly, and the condemned man is saved. Parratt, the Crewe murderer, is the latest to find himself snatched from the gallows. Mr. Gladstone is fast setting precedents which sooner or later must make for the abolition of capital punishment. To give it its proper name, Capital Punishment is the murder of a man by society for having murdered a member of society, apparently on the homœopathic principle of *similia similibus curantur*. We doubt whether it is a deterrent at all. It would be difficult to prove that the fear of hanging has ever prevented a single murder being committed; and if it cannot be justified as a deterrent, it certainly cannot be justified as a revenge. Undoubtedly the problem is one which leaves room for wide differences of opinion; but on the broad grounds of humanity we cannot bring ourselves to the belief that one murder justifies another.

From Buffalo comes the story that the Rev. C. F. Aked, who left Liverpool for the New York Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, in order to save the metallic soul of Mr. Rockefeller, has been denouncing wigs as a foolish relic of the bad old days. Mr. Rockefeller has a front pew in that Fifth Avenue bethel, and the rev. gentleman may expect a warm time when he sees the millionaire there. That remarkable metallurgist wears a wig himself, as much because it keeps the draughts off his head as because it makes him more beautiful; and it is at least conceivable that he is even more concerned about losing his hair than saving his soul—for the present. Mr. Aked will have to be more careful, or he, too, may get a wigging.

That decorative official Lord Althorp is about again. A notice from his lordship's office, published in the official *Gazette*, announces that Sir Thomas Fraser's appointment as honorary physician to the King has been filled up owing to the distinguished physician's death. We do not suppose that Lord Althorp is personally responsible for this gruesome inaccuracy, but if the author is the gentleman who recently put up his lordship to ban the "Mikado" he should be warned that if he does not beg, borrow, or steal some brains for the performance of his duties he will be rather severely dealt with. For, as a matter of fact, Sir Thomas Fraser was neither dead nor buried, and the announcement from the Lord Chamberlain's office is untrue, unauthorised, and wholly premature. "Bobby" will really have to keep an eye on his deputies and assistant deputies, or somebody will mistake him for a humorist, and make a comic opera of him.

John Bull's Biscuits.

Award No. 330.

For publishing an advertisement for a "well-mannered girl, willing to do cooking, coal stove, cleaning, and scrubbing; must attend church regularly and intelligently,"

THE *WESTERN MORNING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 331.

For informing its readers that the new secretary of a local golf club "is a married man with a family; with a handicap of 6,"

THE *SOUTH WALES ECHO*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 332.

For stating that "there would be much less drunkenness in the country if landlords would not serve customers when they were already drunk,"

Mr. C. F. GOOCH (a Tunbridge Wells Magistrate)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 333.

For saying that a runaway boy "saw a great part of the country by hiding in railway wagons under tarpaulins,"

THE EDITOR OF THE *STAR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 334.

For advising his pupils to "lie prone on the back,"

Mr. BERNARR MACFADDEN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 335.

For advertising "Wanted, expert Shaver, age about 22, knowledge of ladies,"

THE MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 336.

For stating in his Annual Report that "there remain 132 illegitimate births to be credited to Hackney,"

Dr. KING WARRY
(Medical Officer of Health for the Hackney District)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

MUSICK.

By Jim Crow.

When I tell you I have no ear, I hope you will not think I am a monstrosity, or an abortion, or even a faun. Outwardly, I am as well provided as any of you donkeys. But I am proud and thankful to say that I am not a musician: I can't hum, I can't sing, I can't compose, I can't yodel, I am useless with the French horn, I am impotent with the sackbut, dulcimer, or psaltery; even the Jew's harp and concertina are as speechless in my hands as I am myself when leaving a public-house. So now you see that I can talk about musick quite impartially.

This gift is hereditary with me. It is recorded of my grandmother that she once went on dancing at a county ball when the band had drifted into "God Save the Queen."

Are Musicians Mad?

I call it a gift and a blessing, because I have made a study of musicians. They are sadly superior people. If ninety-nine out of a hundred kinds of music come along, they grow sad or restive, and begin to pick holes. Apparently they are the only people in the world who can make the particular noise in precisely the right way. And even when they give themselves up to their one form of enjoyment, it often induces a kind of madness. They roll their eyes, they wag their heads, they fidget with their fingers and toes, until they become a nuisance to all persons within reach. All musicians seem to be naturally inconsiderate. They will spend hours in distracting their neighbours by practising ugly ululations or stupid scales, or some other variety of distracting din, and nothing will stop them. They heed neither the groans of the dying, nor the repose of philosophers, nor the complaints of the neurotic.

Most musicians have sallow complexions, long greasy hair, and unbrushed clothes. The idea, I suppose, is to imply that they live in a noble atmosphere of high art, and care nothing for sublunary considerations. This attitude, when affected to excess, often induces lunacy.

Cats as Critics.

I have always admired cats above all other beasts because they esteem musick at its proper value. Strike but one note on piano or guitar, and pussy's fur stands on end; you can see in a trice that she is supremely unhappy, even before she makes a dart beneath the sofa to seek the uttermost recesses of the room. I spell musick with a k, not only because it is the right, old-fashioned way, but also to show that the accent should be on the last syllable. The word is evidently derived from the lament of the cat, or the cat of the listeners. It really should be spelt mewsick.

Wicked Waste.

Think of the waste of time, as well as the waste of money, ascribable to musick. If we could count up all the hours devoted every year to the study of musick, we should be appalled and disgusted. And how many, out of the millions who go through this dismal drudgery, ever derive pleasure or profit therefrom? It is not as though it were even a healthy exercise, like cricket or football, or even a mental training, like Euclid or Greek. It would be better to devote the time to developing the muscles of the thumbs by twiddling them. I suppose that a few musicians, like a few mummers, are needed for the satisfaction of the idle. Some people cannot lunch without the irritating squeak of a brass band; others seek to veil their conversational shortcomings by employing squaws to squawk in drawing-rooms. But the supply of performers is enormously in excess of the demand; not more than one out of a million learners ever finds that the trick of musick was worth cultivating. No doubt, once or twice in a generation, a Patti, or a Melba, or a Paderewski happens to become the fashion and makes a fortune. But nearly every other practitioner has to struggle very hard to make both ends meet.

Noisy Nuisances.

Most musicians are a nuisance. If we are very good-natured, we submit to the infliction out of a charitable or polite regard for their feelings. But how we curse the sight of the instrument-case or the roll of musick, which some thoughtless guest brings to our house. We know exactly what we are in for. When we would much rather be playing baccarat, or billiards, or even bridge, we shall have to implore the wretch to distract us with horrid hubbubs. It is not enough to ask a musician to perform, as you would ask a dog to stand on its head for a biscuit. No, you must make a great favour of the nuisance. Then, with many smirks, your tormentor will trill twaddle about love, or doggerel about patriotism, or inane vulgarity about a flea and a mother-in-law, while everybody yawns, and fidgets, and chatters, and tries to forget. At last the torture is over, and if your thanks for its cessation are too emphatic they may be mistaken for an encore.

Apelike Antics.

Apart from the physical discomfort of the noise, the antics of a singer are ludicrous and repulsive. Watch a middle-aged crone opening her lantern jaws to enunciate some childish or incredible sentiment; look at the flabby little Jew, who struts about as though he were defying whole armies to mortal combat; or behold the melancholy idiot who squirms, and wriggles, and g rgles a refrain of tra-la-la. But for the pretence of musick, every singer would be promptly relegated to a strait-waistcoat.

Wicked Whistlers.

I have often wondered what people expect when they pay hard cash to have their children taught the scales. They cannot hope to draw the big prize and unearth a prodigy at £60 a week. They, perhaps, think it will be very nice to hear "Home, Sweet Home" after dinner in the back-parlour or some strident music-hall ditty at a bean-feast. Even so, it would surely be cheaper and pleasanter to buy a concertina or hire a hurdy-gurdy. As far as I can see, the only effect of forcing musick upon the young is to tempt them to whistle and hum. Now, I am not a nervous or sensitive person. I have already protested against the anæmic campaign for the restriction of noise. But I must confess that humming and whistling exasperate me. There is a sort of challenging insolence about these noises which tempts me to take up my cudgel and see red. The sibilant telegraph-boy cycling down my lane, the thoughtless neighbour who murmurs "tum-ti-tum" in a public conveyance, the gardener who warbles under his brown breath while he disturbs my seedlings—they all seem to be guilty of disrespect. If they made their stupid noises out of mere lightness of heart, I could grin and endure, but they are morose and aggressive, and altogether disgusting.

Aboriginal Musick.

Musick, as we now understand it, must be comparatively modern. Among ancient peoples, as among Orientals and savages to-day, the intention was to induce some kind of hypnotic state. Tom-toms were beaten, hands were clapped, and a droning recitative inspired some sort of hallucination. A similar effect can be obtained by means of various gymnastic exercises, such as the Aïssawa and the whirling dervishes exhibit. And modern musick only becomes popular when it acts in that way. Church musick, for instance, plays upon the devotional sense and inspires a sentimental dreaminess. Congregational singing awakens a feeling of brotherhood suitable to the acceptance of ordinary orthodox doctrines. No political meeting goes off so well as when it has been preceded by rousing songs, wherein the whole audience has taken part. Military bands incite armies to martial zeal on a march nowadays quite as much as rude battle-cries did long ago. Probably the success of the Salvation Army is chiefly due to the musickal part of its propaganda.

In all these cases there is an hypnotic effect, either stupefying or exciting. An unnatural condition is induced, so as to lead people to believe or behave as they would never do in cold blood. In other words, music is a dangerous drug, the ultimate consequences of which cannot be foreseen.

"LOVE"—A DIALOGUE.

ETERNAL EVE.

There be in love as many sweets
As thirsty flow'rs in summer heats.
As many joys in lover's glance
As in the rose's countenance.
As many hopes, as many smiles,
As in the woods are primrose isles.
As many kisses as be spent
By dew in violets' nourishment.
There be of love as many tomes
As in spring hedges, little homes.
As many perfumes as do stir
'Midst purple spikes of lavender.
There be as many beauties seen
As in the tulip's crinoline.
As many answers and replies
As in the lark's sweet melodies.
There be in love as many goods
As bees in lilies' neighbourhoods.
As many words as poets quote
Of the full rose's petticoat.
As many wonders in love's eyes
As in spring fields, flow'r tapestries.
All these and more will ye discover,
If ye a moment be a lover.

IN THE CITY.

THE FALL IN CONSOLS.

A month or two ago the plain man was astonished by an interview that appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and purported to represent, as no doubt it did, the view which Lord Rothschild desired the public to consider his own as to what has induced the recent great fall in the price of Consols. In Lord Rothschild's opinion this fall was due, or almost entirely due, to the wickedness of the present Government, and the indications afforded by recent elections of the dangerous tendencies of the British Electorate. Socialism, in the view of Lord Rothschild, was the enemy, and in fear of it the capitalist with his money bags was going to other countries, an inevitable result being fall in Consols. It seemed a very crude opinion, and a remarkable one, coming as it did from one who is in the very front rank of City finance. And even the Man in the Street, who makes no claim to expert knowledge in these matters, must have felt that Lord Rothschild's explanation was a very imperfect and inadequate one, and that he afforded in his interview with the *Pall Mall Gazette* another illustration of how a very able man may sometimes allow himself to say very foolish things.

In the August number of the *Bankers' Magazine* a writer deals with the subject of "Consols as a Credit Barometer," and in the course of his article he gives reasons for the fall in Consols that will commend themselves to the ordinarily informed and intelligent man. He points out, what indeed is known to everybody, that this fall is due not to one but to many causes, and that it is very unlikely that there will be any great recovery, at any rate in the near future, in the price of Consols, which, by the way, fell just recently to the record price of £82 11s. 6d. There is first the influence of money. If the quotations of a series of years are taken, it will be found that with a gradual decline in the value of money the price of Consols tended to increase, and *vice versâ*. It is not suggested that whenever market rates are at a given point Consols will stand at a certain price. Movements constantly take place quite unconnected with monetary conditions. But the fact remains that in a period of monetary ease Consols are generally high and *vice versâ*. There is a tendency for Consols to rise and fall as money becomes cheap or dear. During the present year dearer money has had a good deal to do with the decline in the quotation for Consols, but it is only one of many contributory causes. In the first place there has been the absence of buying on a large scale and the great increase in trustee stocks. The Government statistics show that the Post Office Savings Bank more than doubled its holding in Consols during the eight years following 1891, and the same returns show that purchases on behalf of the Trustees Savings Banks and of the Friendly Societies had also been heavy, the aggregate purchases having risen from £49,655,399 in March, 1891, to £111,330,429 in March, 1899. In the year in which Consols touched 114 the amount of Consols purchased reached its maximum, but at the present time the position is completely changed. The National Debt Commissioners have ceased to purchase Consols on behalf of either the Post Office Savings Bank, or the Trustees Savings Banks and Friendly Societies, and have, in fact, reduced their holdings on behalf of these bodies. It is only in respect of the Savings Bank Investment Fund that purchases have been made, and to the extent of about £1,000,000 annually on the average. Then there have been large sales of first-class securities by insurance companies to meet losses in connection with the earthquakes in San Francisco, Jamaica and Santiago. Another contributory cause has been the great increase in trustee stocks since 1898. It is not perhaps too much to say that the Colonial Stock Act of 1900 has had as much as anything to do with the present price of Consols, for it has been the means of increasing the nominal field of trustee investments by almost £250,000,000. The increase in trustee stocks since 1898 has been enormous—British and Indian Government securities have been added to in huge lumps altogether amounting to 92 millions, Local Loans by 31 millions, India Three per Cents. by 24 millions, Irish Land Stock by 21 millions. Then there is the National War Loan for 30 millions, and the Transvaal Three per Cent. Loan for 35 millions and Exchequer Bonds for £20,500,000 still outstanding, and immense issues by corporations, the L.C.C. Loan being responsible for 27 millions; and then, again, there has been the activity of trade, which has had much to do with the unwillingness of investors to leave their money in Consols. All these causes have contributed to the present state of things, and perhaps the surprising part of the fall is not that it has occurred, but that it has taken so long a time to bring the quotation down to where it is. After all, as the writer in the *Bankers' Magazine* reminds us, Consols, even at their present price, from the point of view of smallness of yield, indicate what is for the moment the high-water mark of credit, and remain the premier security in the world.

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UNION CONSOLIDATED.

The truth with regard to Union Consolidated Copper is at last leaking out, and this does not accord in any way with the estimates of Mr. Lowenstein and his friends, upon the strength of which the shares were advanced to nearly £3 apiece some few months since. At that time a good deal was made of a contract entered into with the Tasmania Copper Co., by which the latter was to erect a smelter to treat the Union's ore on a profit-sharing basis. This was arranged by the Tasmanian Company upon the recommendation of the late Mr. Hendrie, but apparently he relied, as so many members of the London Stock Exchange did, upon Mr. Lowenstein's statements, and other assurances. Later, however, Mr. Hendrie visited the property, and the result of his visit was given at the Tasmania Copper Co. meeting, when the Chairman, Mr. F. L. Cox, stated:

> The last work which Mr. Hendrie carried out was a careful examination of the Union Co.'s leases at Yudnamutna in conjunction with Mr. Joseph Miller, and the result was so disappointing that Mr. Hendrie was obliged to withdraw his recommendation to erect a smelter.

What have the Union's London officials to say to this? And how does Mr. Miller justify his statement at the only meeting of the Union Company that has been held in London that "there are 35,000 tons of 30 per cent. copper only waiting to be blasted out"?

CANADA CONSOLIDATED.

Although the information that Sir Henry Pellatt, Mr. H. A. Strathy, and the Traders' Bank repudiate the use to which their names have been put in connection with the Canada Consolidated Cobalt flotation has been in the hands of the London office for a fortnight, the secretary—of whose bona fides in the matter we have no suspicion—is still, at the time of going to press, without information. Sir Henry is the leading member of the firm of Pellatt and Pellatt of the Toronto Stock Exchange, Mr. Strathy is the manager of the well-known Traders' Bank of that city—both are men that could be reached by cablegram in less than half an hour, and the question requiring an answer could be asked in a very few words: Have or have not their names been used without their authority? Mr. Leslie, we are told, is either in Paris, or is unwell, and nothing can be done in his absence.

We fail to appreciate the reason when so simple a matter between the London office and certain well-known Toronto men is all that requires settlement. In any event the issue of further circulars, talking the shares to £10 apiece, and offering options upon them at 30s., should be suspended, as the statement contained therein, viz., that the shares are being dealt in on the Stock Exchange at 33s., is unquestionably untrue. The market in the shares has refused to make a bid at any price since our information appeared, and all dealings prior to that were for "special settlement." Application for a settlement has been made to the Stock Exchange Committee—but it has yet to be granted!

When the directorial question has been settled, perhaps the London office will oblige with a few particulars of the actual amount of cash capital that has been subscribed, the terms of the Lake Peterson option, whether this is actually in the hands of the company and the estimated cost of draining the lake. The Canadian Syndicate which has been unloading Canada Consolidated shares has a capital of £25,000, and a directorate with whose names we are quite unacquainted. The chairman is Mr. F. Shumway Colton, a gentleman who hails from Pittsburgh U.S.A., and who appears on the prospectus of Canada Consolidated as the secretary of that company in Canada.

RUBBER SHARES—A WARNING.

The various rubber producing companies working in the Malay States have so far achieved very satisfactory results in nearly all instances. Prospectus estimates have been exceeded, dividends have been ample, and the outlook, for

the current year at least, is highly satisfactory—what better combination could the most fastidious investor desire? In the past rubber shares have been rather sneered at by the "House," and have been left to the highly respectable group of outside brokers who in Mincing Lane combine the business of produce brokers with that of dealers in tea shares. In these hard times, however, a chance must not be neglected, and efforts are being made to establish a rubber section of the Industrial market in the Stock Exchange. Mincing Lane does not appear unwilling, share values are in many instances 100 per cent. or more higher than they were a fortnight ago, and the old hands see no reason why Throgmorton Street should not have the tail end of the business.

The shares which have lately been rushed up so enormously have been moved on the prospect of greatly increased outputs this year, and numerous new producers are coming into the field. Within two years the world's output of rubber will probably be increased fivefold. What chance, then, has a company like the Sungei-Salak floated last week, which cannot be producing until 1911, by which time rubber may be a drug in the market. Scores of new companies are to be promoted during the next few months, and investors should be wary. If they must have rubber shares, they should buy only those which will show good dividends at once, and which produce rubber of the Para variety. The Sumatra-Delhi, which was floated a week ago with a capital of £240,000, will produce Rambong rubber—this is quite a different article, and no statistics are available which in any way indicate whether it can be profitably tapped.

THE RAILWAY POSITION.

Railway quotations go from bad to worse, and with the Consolidated Stock of the London and North-Western Railway Co. under 140, holders of these Stocks will ask what has come over the market. There are of course many reasons why railway quotations, even those of the most prosperous companies, show continuous fall. The increase in working expenses, itself due to many causes—to the rise in the price of coal and materials generally, to increased wages bills, to the ever-growing demands of the public—sweep away, and in some cases more than sweep away, the increase in gross receipts, and there is looming in front of the railway investor the cloud between the companies and their workmen which looks more threatening to-day than for a long time past. Nor do we think that references to the dispute between the railway servants and their employers of the character of that indulged in by Mr. H. Cosmo Bonsor at the meeting of the South-Eastern Railway Company the other day are likely to smooth away differences. What is the position as between the companies and their men? It is not only that the men want higher wages, and shorter hours; they also ask that, like other sections of the Labour community, they may be represented in negotiations by the officials of their trades union. For our part we cannot see anything unreasonable in this demand. The employers in other great trades long ago conceded the point after fighting for a time as bitterly as the railway companies are fighting now. They gave way, and experience has shown that their concession has been of advantage not only to the men but to themselves. Why should it be different with the railway companies? At one time indeed these companies had a sound argument in that they were able to say that the Society of Railway Servants did not represent the men generally. The companies could not say that the Society had not a capable, moderate, and most able representative in their secretary, Mr. Bell, M.P., but they could and did say that it represented only a comparatively small minority of the railway men, and they were able from this to argue plausibly that they could not be required to recognise its right to speak for the men generally. But like the wise man he is, Mr. Bell recognised the strength of this argument, set himself most strenuously to increase the membership, and has already increased it to such an extent as to make it impossible for the railway directors now to say that his society is not representative. Yet here is what Mr. Cosmo Bonsor says, in alluding to the matter at the South-Eastern half-yearly general meeting :—

> His Board had no complaint to make against the trades union. They did not ask whether a man belonged to such a trades union any more than whether he belonged to one political party or another; they had confidence in their men, for they knew that any grievance they might have, either individually or collectively, could always be brought to the notice of the directors through the head of the department in which they worked. At the present moment their men had made no application. They knew as well as the directors did that any suggestion to raise the cost of working must, at a time like the present, be refused. In common with other railway companies, the South-Eastern had received a request that a third party—not one of their own employees—should claim the right to come to their Board room and discuss with them as to how they were to carry on their business and practically manage their railway. They refused and should continue to refuse that request. (Loud applause.) A railway company was in an entirely different position to other commercial undertakings, and it was impossible for them to entertain any suggestion that they should share that responsibility with any outside organisation. (Renewed applause.)

We can only hope that the railway directors as a body will not support Mr. Bonsor in the position he has taken up, although the remarks of Lord Claud Hamilton, at the meeting of the Great Eastern Railway Company, are not encouraging. A strike of railway servants would do enormous injury to British trade, and we can imagine nothing more likely to bring it about than an unbending attitude on the part of the directors upon this question of trade union recognition.

THE IMPERIAL ENGINEERING COMPANY, LTD.

With reference to our comments upon this company in our issue of July 27, and more especially the reference to Mr. Amos Skinner, we have received a letter from Mr. E. G. Hunter, of 60, Station Road, Bexhill, who was the partner to which the paragraph referred. Mr. Hunter asks us to publish this letter, which we do herewith :—

> In your article on "The Imperial Engineering Company," in your issue of July 27th, you made use of the expression, "His partner cleared him out of the grocery business," which is apt to give a false impression. The dissolution of partnership between Mr. Skinner and myself was quite an amicable arrangement, and the same friendly feeling still exists between us as when we were in partnership.

Our point is that Mr. Skinner's connection with the Imperial Engineering Company was of such a disastrous character that it cost him the partnership, from which presumably he earned his living. We do not understand Mr. Hunter to traverse this, but we are very glad to know that dissolution of partnership did not sever private friendship.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCONDUCT OF TRUSTEES.—T. W. (Liverpool).—It is impossible for us to help you in the matter.

ADDRESS OF COMPANY.—W. A. (Beamish).—We cannot make head nor tail of your letter. As to the address we do not find it in any available book of reference.

LACE DIAMOND SHARES.—LIGHT (Rye).—We do not think you could go far wrong.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—E. A. (Portalade) has three bonds from this Association of £25, £50, and £525, upon which he has paid £170, has borrowed £60, and owes £3 interest. He would sell for £50.

A SPLENDID RECORD.—RECORD (St. Leonards).—No.

BRITISH OAK HOUSE PURCHASE COMPANY.—LESSOR (Leeds).—We should prefer a company of older standing, but this must not be taken as in any way an imputation upon the British Oak House Purchase Company.

OFFER OF SHARES.—R. Y. (Sutton).—We should prefer the 2s.

URUGUAY NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY.—J. N. F. (Liverpool).—Your facts are correct.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—S. B. (East Finchley).—Have nothing to do with the people you name. P. L. T. (Market Harboro').—Have nothing to do with the firm named.

CORPORATION OF ACCOUNTANTS, GLASGOW.—"X.X.X." (Glamorgan).—We are not in a position to advise you.

PREMIUM BONDS.—J. A. (Glasgow).—We dealt with the matter in our issue of June 15th.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—ON THE BRINK.—Better draw back whilst there is time. In trying to increase your "bit of dust," as you call it, by the means suggested you will much more likely lose it. C. W. (Grimsby).—Our advice to you is not to do so. Fair Play (Gravesend).—We have given reasons for the advice given twenty times over.

BANK AND BUILDING SOCIETIES.—F. H. (Bath).—(1) The bank is comparatively young, and we should prefer one of older standing; (2) of the other concerns you name we think you would do best with the Clergy, Medical and General.

THE WEST LONDON TRADESMEN'S SOCIETY, LTD.—ROLFE (Willesden).—We are obliged to you for your further letter, but we have said sufficient to warn our readers against having anything to do with the society.

THE BRITISH WATCH COMPANY.—S. B. (Addlestone).—We have frequently exposed these people. Throw their letters into the fire.

THE SILSDEN MOTOR OMNIBUS COMPANY, LTD.—ROCKSTONE (Silsden).—Always glad to hear from you. As to the management of the company, we agree. It is one of the many hastily started to meet what was taken to be a public want, and managed by persons altogether without the technical knowledge necessary to the successful management of a business of the kind, surrounded as all motor omnibus business must be for some time to come with many and great difficulties.

IMPERIAL ENGINEERING COMPANY.—R. V. (London).—The Henry Pocock referred to is identical with the person you name.

THE SAVINGS INVESTMENT AND BANK CORPORATION.—H. T. (Manchester).—We do not know how we can help you. Not having kept up your payments you put yourself at the mercy of the Corporation. Why not see the secretary, who, we have little doubt, would put the matter straight for you upon your tendering arrears? We return your papers.

MARGINAL INVESTMENTS.—MARGIN (Leeds).—Yes. We should close the account in the way you suggest. As to the fifth share you mention, the position is not altogether hopeless.

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AMONG THE LAWYERS.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Audi Alteram Partem.

We like to give both sides of the case, and as we have put the case against the present practice of imprisoning for debt strongly, we insert the letter beneath, which is written by one who has much experience in the collection of debts, and thinks the power to imprison ought to be retained :—

There are admittedly in the world, and especially in London, a large percentage of dishonest people (usually called the criminal classes) whose whole aim in life is to exist by robbery of some kind; there is also another large percentage, who, whilst being outside the same classes, still exist by dishonest means, while leading an apparently respectable life, and it is to the detriment of this class that the present law principally applies; it is also well-known, and admitted by anyone competent to judge, that this class of people would never pay a debt of any description were it not for the fear of imprisonment hanging over their head—ergo, abolish this law, and you at once give extra scope and power to the doings of this particular class. In the following are a few of the people, who, within my own knowledge, and to my own loss, take advantage to the fullest possible extent of the present leniency of the law in that direction.

Case 1. A farrier and carman, in a good way of business, whom I had known for some years, got into trouble with the police for conveying a glandered horse through the streets, and was ordered to pay a heavy fine, with imprisonment in default. To save the latter I (foolishly, no doubt, but with good intentions) lent, without interest, £5, to be repaid in three monthly instalments, respectively of 40s., 40s., and 20s.; I never got one penny of instalments, nor even a reply to my letters asking for payment, and eventually sued for my money in the City of London Court. The borrower gave me all the trouble possible by evading service (for which, at last, the Court granted me "substituted service"), but did not appear at the trial when judgment was given by default. Finding his goods were in his wife's name, and a distraint therefore useless, I took out a further summons for commitment, spending half a day myself with one of the clerks to my solicitors to find the debtor and effect personal service on him, which we at length did. At the hearing of this he appeared, "got up" for the occasion, with a dirty face and hands and clothing to match, stated his earnings to be 24s. weekly (although he admitted that he was living in a house for which he paid £40 a year rent), and the Judge made an order for payment at 10s. per month, committing him for 14 days in default. I shall thus be from start to finish at least 18 months getting the return of my money, less at least, from 12s. to 20s. lost thereon, besides all my time, and trouble, spent in its recovery. *Would I ever have got a solitary penny in this case if I had not got my committal against this man?*

Case 2. A woman, trading in her own name and with a business quite apart from her husband, though he lived in the same house, as a dentist, although with no qualification (this being one of the items of everyday life in London, which the Medical Union condemns, but closes both its eyes to, and therefore allows to continue, they alone have the power to stop this) contracts a debt for advertising her business in a periodical of which I am the lessee. Failing to get one penny of payment I eventually sued her, and, after an infinity of trouble, obtained judgment, and issued execution, only to find that by arrangement between a friendly landlord and a medical man, under whose "patronage" she works and exists, rent is said to be owing, for which the landlord distrains, and, under it, sells the goods to the said medical man, who "hires" same to the lady dentist for her use, and thus enables her to continue her trading exactly as before, the goods never having been even removed from the place, whilst, as the Courts refuse to commit a married woman, I can proceed no further against her, and she thus evades payment of her debt, for which I have my judgment as aforesaid, and she simply laughs at me. Is this commercial morality, or not?

Case 3. Two brothers, who run two businesses, one a builder's, the other a cabinet maker's, incur a debt for advertising the two establishments, and I obtain two separate judgments against them for different portions of the debt, in two different Courts, and issue an execution to which the Bailiff makes return "no effects," although there is a great amount of tools and materials at each place belonging to work in progress, which, when completed, they sell to various buyers. The household goods of each being in the names of their respective wives, my only chance of obtaining my money in each case is by first getting a committal against the two brothers, and I know several other people in the same fix as myself against these same two. Is this a case for abolition of imprisonment for debt, or not?

Case 4. A man in a good way of business apparently, keeping a boot and shoe shop in a west country city, contracts a debt with me for advertising his business, but will not pay for same. I issue a summons (which he does not even defend), obtain judgment, and issue execution, only to be met with the claim that the whole stock-in-trade as well as the household goods belong to his wife, who poses as the employer, and coolly asserts that her husband is her shopman. I do not recover a penny of my money, and am also the costs out of pocket. If you can discover a shred of morality in this case I shall be obliged by your pointing it out to me.

Case 5. A publican, in a large way of business, with a fine establishment, incurs a debt with me in a periodical of which I am the lessee, for advertising his house, but objects to pay when account is due, and on my solicitors communicating with him, he coolly informs us his wife is tenant and licensee, and he is her manager (a modern rendering, Sir, of the Codlin and Short story—*i.e.*, when anything is to pay my wife pays it, but anything owing to her I take, and give a valid receipt for).

Now, Sir, if you want to secure an alteration of any law in such a way as to benefit humanity at large, there are many existing Acts which might with advantage to everybody be repealed, but do not start tampering with the only thing which makes one class of people at least (and that a very numerous one) pay their debts, when the fear of imprisonment is hanging over their heads, for as surely as you do, you, as well as I (not to mention a vast portion of the community at large) will suffer for it. I think you will admit that the evidence I produce here (and the names and addresses of every one of the cases are at your disposal for your own private investigation if you so desire) is, in the case of my own house at least, a good and sufficient reason for leaving the present law as it stands.

L. H. Woods.

MR. "*MARTIN* BULL"

We notice that in the City of London Court Judge Rentoul has had before him a case inwhich Mr. John McNab, of Glen Mavis, Bathgate, N.B., sued "Martin Bull," whose real name is said to be Brown, outside stockbroker, of 7, Fenchurch Buildings, to recover £70 paid in respect of certain Hudson Bay shares, and £97, the profit arising from them. One would have thought that the p'aintiff—who described himself as a distiller "with a very large business"—would have had wit enough not to be misled by the "very flowery circular" sent him by "Martin Bull." However, Mr. McNab sent £70, and when, probably much to the surprise of "Martin Bull," the quotation went up, and McNab wanted his profit of £97, he could not get it. He has now got from the Court £100, his jurisdiction not allowing Judge Rentoul to find for more. We hope Mr. McNab will get the £100, and in future steer clear of "Martin Bull" and other persons of similar occupation. If Mr. McNab had been a reader of John Bull he would have avoided his late unpleasant experience, seeing that we have repeatedly warned our readers against having any dealings with the man who goes under the name of "Martin Bull."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Employer's Liability ("Accident," Llangehnach).—If the relatives were dependent on the deceased, they are entitled to compensation for his death. Notice of the intended claim should be given to the employer, and he should be requested to pay the compensation. If no agreement is arrived at, you should take proceedings in the County Court. The Registrar will assist you in drawing up the claim if you apply to him.

Crossed Cheque (M. R., Edinburgh).—The banker would be a holder for value so long as there was any balance outstanding on the account of "B," and he would be entitled to sue "A" on the cheque.

Appointment by Director ("Phone," Hampstead).—Unless the managing director had power to enter into the agreement, your contract with him would be only conditional and subject to confirmation by the other directors. We fear that you have no remedy.

Partnership Agreement ("Puzzled," Sheffield).—As far as we can understand the position, the partnership was dissolved by mutual consent. In that case, one partner cannot retain any of the moneys of the other without the other's consent. The partnership affairs must be wound up and all debts paid and the balance of capital moneys divided. If one partner desires to get rid of the other, it can only be by buying her out.

Copyright in Photograph ("Amateur," Sheffield).—The copyright belongs to the photographer, and you would be liable for an infringement. The penalty would be 40s. for each copy reproduced by you. The best course is to make an arrangement with the photographer.

Claim to Estate ("Vindex," Barnsley).—We are unable to advise you what to do in the matter, as it is one of a complex character fit only for a solicitor to deal with. If there has been an action and if you know the reference to it, you should write to the Officer of the Court of Chancery mentioned in the papers and ask for information. People cannot expect to get hold of estates unless they are prepared to pay someone for services rendered in looking into the matter, and if you do not employ someone your best course is to make personal inquiry at the Chancery Court in London.

Pasting Advertisements on Time Tables ("We Never Sleep," Leeds).—If you buy the time tables you are entitled to dispose of them gratuitously if you wish, and we do not see how the publisher can prevent you. He does not seem to have any legal rights against you.

Repairs to Premises by Freeholder ("Northumbrian," Dalston).—Apparently under the terms of your lease you are bound to allow the works to be done, and we do not see how you can resist. You have no remedy for any loss you sustain.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

CLOTHES AND THE PLAY.

I am not an ascetic person, even in the sense that a certain comic writer has described G.K.C. as being ascetic—as suppressing the lust of the flesh for Cadbury's cocoa and training his body to consume Bass's beer. I like most nice things, and I flatter myself that few of my contemporaries have a keener eye for a neat ankle or a brighter discrimination in the adjudgment of feminine attire. Still, it is a good saying that everything should have its due time and its proper place; and not even frou-frou is an exception to this excellent rule. To a certain extent—and here I am at one with the McSteads and the O'Dougalls—clothes are in due season and their proper place upon the ladies of the stage. Indeed, if those of our secondary actresses who depend most upon purple and fine linen, and wear the least of it, would only read something besides the letters of their many admirers and the pretty-pretty notices in the professional papers, they might begin to realise how seasonable and proper clothes—the right kind of clothes—may be, in heightening that feminine appeal that is the essence of their claim to any place in the theatre at all. Mrs. Brown-Potter was chaffed freely when she talked of appearing at the Savoy in "emotional dresses," each dress being intended to form as integral a part of the play as the words and gesture and music. Unfortunately, the play was not the thing at all on that occasion; and so we were deprived of a fair opportunity for estimating the dramatic effect of artistic stage clothes artistically applied to an artistic purpose. Mrs. Aria's book on Costume, with Percy Anderson's pictures, supplies our need in some degree, however, and I hereby commend the same to all and sundry among the ladies of the theatre whom I have seen during the past season at London playhouses (on the other side of the footlights) either flagrantly over-dressed or wickedly under-dressed. By careful study of that volume, and a little shrewd observation of the art galleries of the period, they will learn much of value from the financial, as well as the artistic point of view; as much perhaps as the Academy of Dramatic Art and the smartest costumier working in double harness could teach them.

PINK SPOTS V. ACTING.

In the near future, if the present tendencies of London dramatic criticism continue unchecked, the costumes of our actresses will be dealt with more exhaustively than their acting. This may or may not be good for dramatic art—I do not pretend to dogmatise on so delicate a subject. It will be kind, no doubt, to some of our actresses, useful to their dressmakers, and a delight to the suburban drawing-room and the world below-stairs. Possibly it may usher in a golden age for the dramatic critics; a time when their work will be more generally read, and their remuneration vie with that of the clever gentleman who writes sartorially of Parliament and other places in the "Tailor and Cutter." The stars in their courses apparently are making toward this end. Take the case of the "Westminster Gazette," an excellent representative of the better class of London journal, and in no respect more excellent or representative than in its treatment of the British drama. A line and three-quarters was all that the "Westminster" required in which to express its opinion of the acting of Miss Grace Lane at the St. James's Theatre; but twenty lines were devoted by the "Westminster" to a description of the dresses worn by Miss Lane. And so, but even more emphatically, with the work and wearing apparel respectively of Miss Ralph and Miss Ashworth in the same play. We are not told that either of these two ladies acted at all, much less how they acted; we are told at great length that vieux rose satin, sequinned net, yellow voile, and other "schemes of decoration" (the phrase is not mine, but the "Westminster's") were disposed profusely upon them. On the other hand, we are left to speculate whether Miss Suzanne Sheldon wore anything at all, and if so what; although "her performance was one of the features of the play." After reading which I fell to pondering whether it were not better for an aspiring girl on the English stage to sport plenty of "white muslin powdered with huge pink silk spots," than merely to act well; and whether between them the modiste-minded Press and the pushful dressmaker might not share a little of the blame for an alleged dearth of creative talent among our younger actresses.

THE TEMPTED ACTRESS.

Those of my readers who are interested in "Stageland and its Morals"—a subject of which I have treated once or twice in these columns—should spend fourpence halfpenny on the August issue of the "Grand Magazine." Therein they will find a large selection from the opinions drawn forth by the article headed "Why I Failed on the Stage" (by "An Actress") which appeared in the June issue of Messrs. Newnes's remarkable monthly. Some of the Press comments are passing strange. For example, one journal urges that "for the reputation of the profession as a whole" the accusations of "An Actress" should be "tested in some way." Considering that the gravamen of the allegation is practically that every single woman who has been really successful on the London stage has done so at the cost of her personal purity, I am afraid I see difficulties in probing the matter to the bottom. Of course, so obviously exaggerated an impeachment of a whole profession is absurd. For my own part, I am not prepared to go so far even as Miss Florence Lloyd, when she admits that "girls on the stage are confronted with greater temptations than are their sisters in other callings." Although Miss Lloyd seems to think otherwise, there are just as good-looking girls off the stage as on; and if she is naturally vicious, or silly, or mercenary, or badly brought-up, the handsome shop-girl, or typist, or governess, is quite as likely to lose her pristine virtue in the process of "getting on" as the worst actress in London. The "Grand," having paid me the compliment of quoting several passages from my earlier batches of wit and wisdom on this topic, I would return the kindness by congratulating its editor on securing a slack season controversy that is perennially attractive. The best of women revel in meditation and gossip on the terrible conduct of other women—especially charming women who interest susceptible men and are photographed freely and sold at a penny a time in the stationers' shops.

PLAYS AND PENSIONS.

Can it be that I shall yet receive my old-age pension out of the coffers of those theatre-managers who owe me so much for my numerous acts of mistaken kindness and unrecognised consideration—out of their coffers and those of the variety magnate, the concert-giver, the football club, and the bulky bag of the bookmaker? This is the suggestion of Mr. John S. Purcell, set forth in all seriousness in the pages of the "World's Work." Hear him, all ye that have ears to hear and entertainment interests to protect. "What I suggest," he says, "is that all places of amusement, all the important play-grounds, all the race-courses, should be made national property, administered by a Government Department along the lines best calculated to promote the health and happiness of the people; that the profits derived from such a source be devoted to the payment of Old Age Pensions. What these profits are under existing conditions it is impossible to say, but that they amount to such a sum as would provide a pension of five shillings a week for every one over sixty years of age there can be little doubt. A few years ago Sir Robert Giffen, in what must be regarded as a very moderate estimate, put down the annual profits made by the bookmakers of this country at £5,000,000. This alone, if diverted into the proper channel, would keep 384,615 old people away from the workhouse; but considerable as is the amount, it would show insignificant against the total earned by the theatres, music-halls, concert-rooms, and places of general entertainment throughout the country." It is a proposal worthy of profound consideration. I am afraid however that "we have got a long way to go" before we see it smiled upon by the present or any future Chancellor of the Exchequer.

ACTORS AND SNOBS.

That "variety artistes" should have been asking for admittance to the Actors' Church Union has its touch of piquancy: that the sacred actor and actress and the delectable cleric should debate seriously whether these persons from the Lower Depths might not mar the perfect symmetry of the whole would give a new Thackeray the text for a fruitful discussion of a new sort of Snob. My good friend Mr. George Alexander is far from being a snob, and I regret to see that he should have thought it desirable to be led by an interviewer into differing publicly from the Bishop of Southwark, as to the gradual obliteration of the borderline between the two branches of the profession. Mr. Alexander's contention is that an artistic division exists and will exist always between the theatre and the music-hall, between the actor and the music-hall "artiste." I am bound to say that the weight of evidence, for good or ill, seems to me to be on the side of the Bishop. The theatrical star bulks more and more largely; the rest of the cast often are hardly more than the furniture of the stage, a sort of ring-fence to keep the limelight on the great man or woman of the house. On the other hand, the co-operative element is displacing rapidly the individual performer on the music-hall stage, the mise en scène is increasingly elaborate, and not infrequently one sees at the halls extremely fine work in the illustration of character—character delineated with a living background of subordinate artistes who are surely as essential here as in many of the so-called plays of the legitimate stage.

P.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"The Egyptian Sudan." By E. A. Wallis Budge. London: Kegan Paul, 1907. 2 vols. Price £2 2s. net.

Dr. Budge is Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities at the British Museum; he has superintended various excavations; and he is responsible for a bewildering number of publications on Oriental subjects. He appears to possess a certain celebrity as an archæologist. But he will never be a popular writer, for he has neither the gift of style, nor the dramatic instinct, nor the sense of proportion. Egyptologists may find these volumes useful for reference, but the ordinary reader will have to exert himself to extract information or interest. Dr. Budge has attempted too much, straying out of his own province into fields which he was not fitted to describe. As a modern historian, for instance, he is singularly helpless. This he evidently knows, for he has been content to borrow his materials from other writers, and these he has not selected or digested intelligently. For instance, his account of the Khalifa is derived solely from the jaundiced narratives of enemies, and the many redeeming qualities of that remarkable leader are contemptuously ignored. In his anxiety to flatter the powers that be, Dr. Budge even stoops to defend the ghoulish desecration of the Mahdi's tomb. He cannot have read "The River War" to much purpose, for he merely recapitulates the old, worn-out apologies which Mr. Churchill completely exposed. He does not even take Mr. Churchill's vivid descriptions of the campaign at first hand, but prefers to consult the second-hand narrative which Colonel Maxse does not deny that he plagiarised from "The River War."

It is a pity that Dr. Budge did not confine himself to his own province, for his excursions into military and political fields only detract from his valuable contributions to ethnology and archæology. The book is well illustrated.

"Ralph Heathcote: Letters of a Young Diplomatist and Soldier during the Time of Napoleon." By Countess Günther Gröben. London: Lane, 1907. Price 12s. 6d. net.

Countess Gröben, looking for a paper in her grandfather's old writing table, happened to light upon a drawer which had not been observed before. "Quite at the back, hidden by bundles of old business papers, lay a small packet carefully tied up and sealed," bearing an inscription to the effect that it consisted of letters written by her grandfather, Ralph Heathcote, to his mother. These letters afford the kernel of this book. My first impression, on reading them, was that they should have been condensed and edited, for they contain many ephemeral and trivial details. On the whole, however, I think I have derived more pleasure from reading them as they stand. They thus reveal character more convincingly, and, though we have sometimes to skip a page or two, we catch the atmosphere very exactly. Heathcote was secretary to the British Minister at the electoral court of Cassel, and afterwards an officer in a crack regiment. He had no particular adventures, but he was a shrewd observer, and affords us a sharp insight into the manners and customs of his times. Here is an amusing account of a race-meeting in the year 1806:—

> The races are held on the sands of Leith, of course close to the sea, the water, when the tide returns, covering the whole course. On these sands four wooden towers are built at equal distances, in which the judges are stationed; each two are connected with ropes to prevent the people from getting on to the course. Behind these ropes, which are about 400 yards in length, innumerable quantities of carriages of all descriptions are stationed, containing ladies and children, the handsome ones on the coach-boxes, the ugly ones in the inside. Thousands of horsemen spectators are galloping about the ground between the course to bet upon the horses, as the chances are varying. The racers are first led about with all their clothes on, the jockeys following them on other horses, grooms leading the racers. After the jockeys are weighed, the horses are stripped, led about to be seen again with the jockeys on their backs. They then assemble at the starting-post, and set off at the word of command given by the judge. The public races for the prizes were all four-mile heats—or rather the best horse of three four-mile heats was the conqueror. Between every four miles, or three times round the course, they stopped, when the horses were rubbed down and led about to breathe a little, and half an hour after they started again. It being very hard work for horses to run on the sands, as you may easily imagine, they did not go quite so fast as they otherwise would have done—the average was fifteen minutes to four miles. Two horses broke down—that is, the tendons of their legs broke, owing to the sands in great measure. However, it is a very common accident; it prevents the horse from ever running again, but does not disable him from going quietly along the road, though for some time they will go lame. The horse does not fall down when the accident happens, but his pace slackens instantaneously, and the jockey stops him and leads him away. Besides these public heats we had several private matches. I won half a guinea by them, upon private bets—*toujours quelque chose*. We said the matches were for £100 each, but they were only for £5.

And here are a few random extracts:—

> We had no disagreeable accidents of what kind soever, excepting indeed the first evening, when Mr. Salto (my favourite dog), who was sitting on my knee, chose to discharge the superfluous contents of his stomach all over my breeches and stockings.
>
> . . . Mlle. Parisot, the finest dancer, I believe, in the universe. Lord Cholmondeley paid her a hundred guineas for a *tête-à-tête* between the acts of an opera-play.
>
> Had we stayed much longer abroad, our morals would have been quite corrupted, and it would have been a pity for two such chaste youths to be corrupted. Here we are safe, for we have grown too nice to wish pleasing the common, and are too poor to have any chance of pleasing the virtuous of our countrywomen.
>
> Yesterday Colonel Windham came five minutes too late for dinner, after the other officers of the mess had sat down. The president of the day (Cornet Foster) fined his colonel one bottle of wine for this offence. So much for subordination.
>
> We had a very pleasant journey, going at the rate of eight miles an hour, stoppage included, a thing scarcely credible to a person accustomed to German roads and horses.

Altogether, Ralph Heathcote was evidently a very pleasant gossip, and his letters are quite worth rescuing from oblivion.

"A Holiday in Hades." By David Scoffern. With an introduction by Clarence St. John Priestley. London: Rialto Press, 1907. Price 2s. 6d.

Whether Scoffern was a real person, or only an emanation of Mr. Priestley's brain, I neither know nor care. The introduction tells us how Scoffern accosted Mr. Priestley in the Casino gardens at Monte Carlo, with the statement that he was fond of children until they grew into men and women, when he hated them. He added that he supposed he was mad. Mr. Priestley was attracted by a face, which combined the Devil and Dante; also by recollections of Haeckel, Charcot, Gambetta, Bismarck, Burton, Gladstone, etc. Scoffern kept hinting that he had a strange story to tell about a holiday he spent in Hades. But for a long time he refrained from telling it. Then, one day, he handed over a manuscript, saying he wished it to be published and that he would die on the morrow. His prophecy was fulfilled, and now the story is given to the public. It is somewhat incoherent and very mad. Scoffern saw a young lady named Sylvia lose her little all at roulette. He followed her into the gardens and proposed. They were married in the church on the hill. After a delightful honeymoon he went to Paris on business. When he returned she had fled. He searched the world for her in vain. He offered up prayers to God without result. Then he bethought him that he had always admired Satan. So he appealed to Satan, and was transported to Hades. Long catalogues are furnished of the people there, and various conversations are recorded in a very stupid way. It is all the wildest nonsense:—

> Some children were racing with Darwin and Plato, while others bowled hoops against Bismarck and Chaucer. A group of boys had tied the legs of Queen Elizabeth to Lady Godiva, and were playing "pull and push"—a modification of "push-back"—to the delight of their comrades. Beaconsfield was blindfolded with Gladstone, and both were led to the edge of a shallow lake and turned round three times; and both stumbled and fell with a splash in the water, and the children shrieked with merriment as those greybeards (!) were led, dripping wet, from the water

I wonder whom all this stuff is intended to amuse.

"Sullivan v. Critic, or Practice v. Theory." By H. Augustine Simcoe. London: Simpkin, 1906. Price 1s. net.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has so many admirers that I should not have thought that he needed defence. Mr. Simcoe, however, is mainly concerned with his hero's oratorio, "The Light of the World," which is necessarily less popular than the lighter operas. We are treated to a reproduction of many press notices of the oratorio, and Mr. Simcoe seems to be surprised that they are contradictory. But when did critics ever agree? No doubt it is very pleasant to be an enthusiast, though even enthusiasm is scarcely an excuse for being tedious.

"John Bull," Vol. II.—An index to this volume is now ready, and will be sent free of charge to annual subscribers and to any other reader forwarding a stamped addressed envelope or wrapper.

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See page 1.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

XIX.—SAINT LUBBOCK, GENERAL NUISANCE.

In common with the great many other saints of whom I have heard in church and elsewhere, Saint Lubbock appears to me considerably over-rated. I say this in spite of the fact that he is the only one of the lot who is not dead. Men and women have become saints for all sorts of services and all sorts of reasons; but Lubbock is the first of his class who got made a saint (also a lord) for inventing bank holidays. Speaking for myself, I do not regard the invention of bank holidays as establishing a satisfactory title to a halo. I hold them to be an unmitigated nuisance, beneficial to neither man nor beast. Nobody living ever got anything good out of a bank holiday, and nobody ever will. It is a delusion and a snare; a humbug, an imposture, and a fraud. It is simply a statutory fake to compel people to put off to-day what they are unfit to do to-morrow.

The working man chucks down his tools. The tradesman puts up his shutters. The manufacturer stops his machines. The banks and the post offices decline to do business; so that if you want your boots half-soled and heeled while you wait, or a bottle of ink, or a ha'porth of note-paper, or a bun and milk, or a penny stamp, or a cheque cashed, or to touch somebody for a long overdue account, you find nobody at the receipt of custom, and you have to wait until the population has risen in the morning. You cannot get a ride on the tramcars because they are full, and you can't get a seat in a theatre because all the theatres are full also. It is no use walking round and round the houses, because it is too much like Sunday. You cannot go to church because the parson and the curate and the churchwardens are missing; and you dare not enter a public-house for fear of getting a furred tongue and a dark brown taste in your mouth when you arise for to-morrow's breakfast. In the end, therefore, you either stay indoors with the piano, or take the missus to see her mother, or hire a railway company to whirl you to the seaside, at anything between half-a-crown and seven-and-six per whirl.

Distance is no object. So you rise with the early worm, pay your money, take your ticket, and the whirl begins—one hundred and ninety miles or thereabouts through time and space, with a pile of sandwiches and a flask of Scotch in one hand and a carriage roof-strap in the other, while a sixteen-stone woman and a misplaced baby dwell on your feet. In about six hours, with luck, you arrive at your destination, take one turn round the band-stand, make for the old, old sands, drop down, shy a pebble or two into the old, old sea, and then rush back to the railway station. There you arrive to find half the train load has got there before you, and occupies all the seats. So you grasp the old, old strap once more, the guard blows the whistle, and the whirl of whirls begins again. If it took you six hours to come it will take you eight hours to get back, and presently you land exhausted and aweary at your starting point, with all the cabs engaged, all the tubes shut down, and a two-mile walk before you ere you reach your happy home.

At half-past seven in the morning you are up again, and you start another train journey to business as pale as a curate and as woolly about the head as a sheep. Your friends in the train ask you how you enjoyed your holiday, and "Never better in my life" is the sad and sickly lie which springs to your lips. At business the query is again put, and out comes that thumper once more; but, then, as everybody about you is thumping on the same subject, the Recording Angel will probably forgive you. The fact is, that holiday hasn't done you a bit of good, or your business either. You are not up to your work, and it takes you the rest of the week to recover. As an economic and physical proposition, therefore, I stand to my text that Saint Lubbock is an over-rated philanthropist. I believe in holidays, but I believe in them in the lump and not in casual twenty-four hour bits. If Saint Lubbock had invented Sunday he would have had the honour of my gratitude. Sunday is rest, but bank holiday is travail. Because few of us could make a pleasure of toil, Saint Lubbock invented an institution whereby we could make a toil of pleasure; wherefore we elevated him to the House of Lords, and for all I know to the contrary he is there yet. I do not know how long he is in for, but you can take it from me that he deserves all he got.

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OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Hamed bin Mahomed bin Abdulla Raisuli, Kamass, Morocco.

Tribulation unto thee, O Hamed. "John Bull" sends greeting, hoping thou art in bad health, even as thou deserveth. For that thou hast stolen one Mac, a Scot, thy days in the land shall be surely numbered. Muley Abdul Aziz, thy Royal and August Master, whom thou spurneth with many spurns and scorneth with manifold scornings, prepareth the wolves and the vultures for thy unholy and prosperous carcase, and of thee and thy tribes they shall verily eat. Many are the bones he hath to pick with thee, and the bones are thine. Thou shalt perish even as the wicked, if caught, or at the least be presented with a testimonial of chased silver, and be made Governor of all the tribes which are in the mountains, for thy sins. Muley Abdul Aziz, thy August Master, whom thou spurneth, hath this thing decreed. Brave is he as the goat, and cunning as the mule, and swift as the elephant, and strong as the lambkin, and wise as the ass. And I, "John Bull," of the Isle set in the midst of the Silver Sea, and Jacques Bonhomme, of the Cordial Intent, will watch him do his will because of thy sins (as aforesaid), whether he will or not. So prepare thee to meet thy fate; and if thou so much as slit the nose of the Scot, or shave his head or his beard, by the Prophet! it shall go harder with thee than ever. Beware, therefore, of the vengeance of the Just, if not now, then in the sweet bye-and-bye, of which neither thou nor any man knoweth the day or the hour. This is written at the Sign of the Bull, in the street of the Fleet, at London, and not one word shall be gainsaid.

John Bull.

To Mr. Samuel Rogers, Clerkenwell.

Good Old Sam,—The world knows little of its greatest men, and till you revealed your glories in the *Express* no opportunity was afforded the nation of seeing what stuff heroes are made of—in Clerkenwell. You avow yourself a workman, 55 years of age. These details are interesting, especially as in another year you will be 56, and in ten years entitled to an old-age pension, which you will rightly refuse. I gather, from your valuable contribution to the "discussion" on Socialism, that you are patriotic, a Christian, and an individualist, and that you daily, nay, hourly, thank the goodness and the grace that on your birth has smiled, to make you, in Skinner Street, Clerkenwell, the father of ten children, whom you are proud to have "brought up" on a wage—a living wage—of twenty-three shillings and sixpence a week! Presuming the "brought up" decemfid had a maternal parent—on this, however, you are silent—that makes twelve, at 1s. 11½d. each per week. Although personally unacquainted with the locality you adorn, I have no hesitation in believing that the Marquess of Northampton has a fad known as getting in his rents, and I am wondering whether your earthly paradise costs you, say, 5½d. each—a total of 5s. 6d.—for the privilege of housing cleanly, comfortably, and with a roof, door, and window, a family of twelve. That being granted, we arrive at one shilling and sixpence each—and you are a patriot, a Christian, and an individualist! I don't know if you are a poet—I am fairly certain you are not a banker—but a namesake of yours was both, and for all I know you may be following in his footsteps, for he was a remarkable man, having plenty of money and yet writing poetry.

I am glad to know, over your own signature, that "you have always studied your master, and are sure that he has always studied you." That's a grand feeling, Samuel, and no doubt your "master," otherwise owner, fully appreciates the compliment. Did you ever try to get him to spring another tanner? He can hardly refuse it now, after reading your nice testimonial. Think what you could do with that extra sprat! You could bring up the eleventh—55 is not an impossible age, I believe. Or perhaps the Marquess would consider an application to sell you the fee simple of your dwelling by instalments extending over a period of years. Or you could extend your annual fortnight's holiday to a month, and cause a rush of aliens by exhibiting the ten "brought-uppers" and the reward of honest toil. I don't recommend a motor-car, airship, or box at the opera; I feel sure your tastes are for the simple life.

"Masters are naturally kind to those under them, and seldom abuse their superior position." Bully for you, Sammy; you are a wonder, and ten kids! I like that "seldom," but "never" is what you mean, of course. But "superior"! Oh, my dear Samuel! Really, you know, this is a chunk too thick. I cannot conceive of anything "superior" to you. "Superior position"? Oh, I beg your pardon; I was forgetting "to do your duty in that state to which," etc., etc.

I have not noticed any attacks on the Royal Family, to which you allude. Are you aware you are guilty of lèse-majestie even by referring to them? When you pay your King's taxes, of course, you may cross yourself, and bow lowly, but otherwise be careful. Remember that spies are paid out of the Secret Service Fund, and there are mysterious strangers even in Skinner Street.

You don't want your children fed by the State, "as it is the duty of every parent to feed them." So it is, my buck; and clothe them, and educate them, and house them—and you do it all at 1s. 11½d. a head?

John Bull.

P.S.—I notice that you cannot be traced in Skinner Street, or elsewhere. Fie! fie!—J. B.

To Gilbert L. Jessop, Limerick Expert.

Dear "Croucher,"—What a wonderful chap you are, and what a marvellous confidence on the part of the public the ability to play a game rather well seems to beget. I see that the other week you had £840 to distribute at your own sweet discretion. What on earth do you know about poetry—if such it may be called—and how did you get the job? As skipper of a cricket team, you are, no doubt, well placed, but I fancy you must get stumped sometimes as skipper of a Limerick contest. And how you *must* skip to get through it all? Nearly 34,000 lines to read, mark, and inwardly weigh the merits of. Supposing you managed ten per minute—which is only giving six seconds to each—I find it would take you nearly nine days of ten hours' incessant work at that rate, without one stop for meals, drinks, or swears. And you do it in less than seven, and play three days' cricket at least, and turn out sundry journalistic work into the bargain. Amazing! When did you sleep last? Or do you take them to bed with you? I've always known you as a bit of a slogger, but this is easily over the boundary. Do you get many googly ones? Don't overdo it, or you'll get bowled out.

John Bull.

To Mr. Charles Johnson, Love Cottage, Colchester.

Dear Old Boy,—I have heard it said that when the snow is on the mountains there is no music in the valley; but obviously you are one of the greater optimists, for, at 71, you have married Mrs. Pitts, aged 74, not yet being old enough to know better.

One day, it seems, Mrs. Pitts observed you hesitating at the precipice, or, at all events, at the edge of the pavement, for your sight is bad, and you dared not cross the road. So she proffered to pilot you. You agreed, met the lady again, popped the question, made Mrs. Pitts Mrs. Johnson, and now hope to live happily ever after. Well, I admire a man with the courage of some of his convictions, also a lady with the convictions of—of some of her courage; and since both of you have "been, and gone, and done it," I hope neither of you will live long enough to repent it. But I sadly fear you are a giddy old boy, and that Mrs. J. is likewise inclined to frivol.

John Bull.

IRISH PARTY
TORY PARTY
LABOUR
LIBERAL PARTY
THE FLOOD TIDE IS WITH US!

THE ADVENTURES OF ROLAND HAMILTON.

By Henry Allen Ashton.

FIRST ADVENTURE: THE TWO SWELL-MOBSMEN AND THE THREE DIRECTORS.

Having not a solitary friend, no relative or acquaintance, in this great big city, and without a single penny in his pockets, Roland Hamilton found himself at St. Pancras Station. He had spent his last few shillings on a ticket from the Midlands, with a firm determination to make a fortune in London, yet without the faintest idea as to how it was to be done.

It was a cold night, late in October, the skies were murky and the pavements wet and muddy, as, hungry and a little fatigued, he strode down Gray's Inn Road and into High Holborn. Proceeding eastwards, he passed the General Post Office and wended his way up Cheapside till he came to the Mansion House, which, from picture postcards, he instantly recognised, although he immediately put down the Bank of England as Newgate Gaol.

It was nearly ten o'clock, and he had not the slightest notion of where he was going to obtain anything to eat, or where he was going to rest for the night. Not an enviable position truly! But what cared he? A shrewd, cunning man, cute rather than clever, possessed of distorted genius, of keen powers of observation and investigation, and withal a wonderful judge of character, first impressions—usually false with most people—supplied Roland Hamilton with all the necessary material wherewith to form his instantaneous character summaries, which, in the main, were invariably accurate, or at all events sufficiently correct for his purpose. He was a clever actor, and could simulate the "mug" or greenhorn to perfection.

Up to the present, however, his abilities had had no scope.

Some clock struck ten.

Roland had been standing fully ten minutes with his back turned towards the Union and Smiths Bank at the corner of Prince's Street, staring in turns at what he took to be Newgate and the Royal Exchange, when a gentleman in scrupulous evening dress and a smart-looking Inverness cloak sprang from somewhere, grasped him firmly by the hand, and apologised profusely for keeping him waiting.

"I fear you have made a mistake, sir," said Roland, for the moment taken aback.

"Surely not," said the other; "you are George Quemby, and you are waiting for me, Sir Lionel Grantleigh, your cousin."

"Indeed am not; you really *are* mistaken."

Those hideous flashy lights from the Mansion House threw their sickly glare on the face of the stranger.

"Then I offer you my sincerest apologies," said Sir Lionel; "and when I tell you that I have never seen my cousin, but that he was to wait for me at this very spot at half-past nine to-night, I feel sure you will pardon——"

"Don't mention it, sir," interrupted Roland, assuming a bland, innocent manner; "I am just up from the country, and am only too pleased to have someone to speak to."

"Most men would have resented my impulsiveness," returned Sir Lionel.

"My name is Geoffrey Maitland," said Roland Hamilton. "I am in London for a short holiday, and was just looking round; seeing what London was like by night."

"Indeed!" said the other. "Staying close by?"

"Unfortunately, no—at the Hotel Metropole, and it's some distance off, isn't it?"

"Not far," replied Sir Lionel, taking out a gold cigar case.

"My luggage went there in a hansom," asserted Roland. "The fact is, I don't even know where the Hotel Metropole is any more than the man in the moon, but, of course, there are plenty of cabs. You can't easily lose yourself in a place like London."

Ronald saw the bait snapped. The movement of the cigar case which flashed in the murky yellow light was ostentatious; evidently a signal.

"May I offer you a cigar before we part?" asked Sir Lionel. "I think I ought to be looking for my cousin down here"—nodding in the direction of Princes Street—"or down Cheapside before it gets too late."

"Thank you very much," returned Roland, taking a good-sized weed from the glittering case.

Scarcely had he taken the cigar in his fingers when a voice exclaimed: "Are you Sir Lionel Grantleigh?"

"I am," answered the other, facing the questioner.

"My name is Quemby."

"My dear cousin," cried Sir Lionel, "I am delighted. I was afraid I had lost you. I was half an hour late. What would you have done if I——?"

"We wont' talk about it," interrupted the newcomer. "But don't let me interrupt your conversation."

"This," said Sir Lionel, "is a gentleman whom I mistook for you," and turning to his cousin he effected an introduction—"Mr. Quemby, Mr. Maitland."

"Move along, please," said a constable; "you gentlemen mustn't take up the whole of the pavement."

"If you have nothing special to do, will you come and have a little bit of supper with us, Mr. Maitland?" queried Sir Lionel.

"It's very good of you, and I hardly know how to thank you enough, but really I must decline."

"Oh, *do* come, Mr. Maitland," interjected Mr. Quemby.

"The fact is, gentlemen," asseverated Roland, truthfully, to a point, "as I stand I am absolutely penniless"—here he laughed, as did they. "All my notes and money are in my valise. In fact, as you may notice, I don't even wear a article of jewellery. Even my rings, scarf-pins—this," tugging at his watch-chain, "as you see, is only leather—are carefully stowed away. And all because a simpleton father and a nervous mother have come to the conclusion that London is full of thieves."

Sir Lionel and Quemby roared out laughing.

"Therefore, gentlemen, I'll leave you here, take a cab to the Metropole, wherever it is, obtain some cash, and rejoin you at—at—where did you say?"

"My dear chap," said Sir Lionel, "I won't hear of such a thing. Money or no money, you are coming with us."

"Hi! Cabby, Kraskati's."

The door went down with a bang, the reins tightened, a "Clk, clk" sounded from cabby's mouth, and the hansom darted down Cheapside en route for Oxford Street.

The cab stopped in front of the brilliantly-illuminated façade of that well-known cosmopolitan restaurant in Oxford Street. The occupants dismounted, Quemby paid the driver, whilst Sir Lionel led the way to a side table to the right of the band stand, away from the full gaze of the occupants of the other tables.

Roland awaited the turn of events with a relish.

After sufficient "gagging" on current topics, domestic felicitations, and so on had been got through, the pair gradually worked on Ronald.

"How long do you expect to stay in town?" asked Sir Lionel.

"It all depends," returned Roland. "I have to pay some fairly large sums on behalf of my father—at least," he added, "fairly large for us."

"Thousands?" queried George Quemby, carelessly.

"Oh, dear, no!" replied Roland. "Hundreds, and not over many of them. It struck me at St. Pancras," he went on, lightly, seemingly too occupied over his salmon mayonnaise to be aware of the importance of his words, "that it was just a trifle careless to entrust a cabman with a dressing-case, a Gladstone bag, and a hat-box, especially when one of them contained all my valuables and money."

"Not at all, my dear boy," remarked Quemby; "they'll be as safe as at the Bank of England. Of course, your luggage was labelled, and I presume your initials are——"

"Quite so; 'Geoffrey Maitland, passenger to St. Pancras,' was written on three labels."

"I suppose there is no chance of the hotel being full up? Did you give the cabman instructions that if——"

"My room was booked a week ago." He laid down his knife and fork and took out an old pocket-book, carefully noting, as he did so, that his companions were straining every nerve to catch every syllable he was uttering, although they were apparently absorbed in their supper. "Yes, here it is," continued Roland, opening his pocket-book on some scribbled memorandum respecting credit tailors, "Room No. 27 (bed and dressing room)."

"I once lost a small handbag," asserted Sir Lionel, "through having my initials done in gold——"

"Mine are done in block letters, G. M., in black," lied Roland. "No fear of them wearing off."

This was the finishing touch, and Roland understood by various signs and movements, none of which had escaped his keen observation, that the duty of rifling his valuable possessions rested with Mr. George Quemby. It was manifest that Sir Lionel Grantleigh was to keep watch on him until the "cousin" returned with the plunder.

Roland was, therefore, not surprised when Quemby suddenly discovered that he had only ten minutes to catch his train. After vain solicitations on the part of Sir Lionel for George to stay the night with him, and with a hurried adieu to Roland, Quemby left Kraskati's, and, hailing a cab, bade the jehu to drive him to the Metropole with all speed.

"What a strange world this is," observed Sir Lionel. "A few moments ago and you and I were strangers; now we seem as if we had known one another all our lives."

Roland had not a minute to lose, although he himself was unaware of it. How was he to moot the question of money? A first-class supper was all very well, but what was to follow? After all, Quemby might return any moment, and the game would be up. Roland clearly saw that the first thing to be done was to change the hotel in case the "cousin" returned before he had time to invent a plausible excuse upon which to borrow two or three pounds. He therefore called for the evening paper. When he got it, he turned to the advertisement columns, and looked for a notice of the Hotel Metropole. Sure enough he found it, and below an advertisement of the Hotel Victoria. What a stroke of luck! Both were owned by the same company; both were in Northumberland Avenue. How easy for a countryman up in London for the first time to mistake one for the other!

"Dear me!" he pretended to soliloquise, but spoke loudly enough for Sir Lionel to overhear, "how very foolish."

"Anything amiss," the other said.

"Oh, no, it's all right; but"—he really did look scared—"it gave me quite a start. I never knew that the Hotel Victoria was a different hotel from the Metropole."

"Different! Why, of course! Whatever made you think they were identical?" said Sir Lionel.

"They belong to the same company, are in the same street, and, I should think, next to each other, so I don't wonder at my mistake. I thought my room was in the Victoria Suite, just like the Whitehall rooms——"

"But you booked them yourself?"

"My dear old mother did that."

"Then your boxes have—have not gone to the Metropole——"

"Not if there is a Victoria Hotel. You see, I gave the cabman a little card on which mother had written the word 'Victoria,' but I have all along taken it to mean the Victorian rooms. By the way," he added, artlessly, watching the look of intense and bitter disappointment on Sir Lionel's face, "aren't the Whitehall rooms in the Metropole?"

"Yes—yes," said the other, his thoughts busily engaged on another plan.

It was now only necessary to stamp the equivocation with the hall-mark of truth, so Roland rose abruptly, said he must really be going, and asked his companion to jump into a cab with him to the Victoria, and spend an odd hour over a game of billiards. Indeed, he scarcely waited for Sir Lionel's reply, for he had already asked the waiter for his hat and coat.

This clever move convinced the sham baronet.

"Nonsense, my dear boy; you mustn't be going yet. The night is young. Waiter, another bottle."

After a show of reluctance, and with various protestations that he had had more than was good for him already, Roland hesitatingly reseated himself.

Before the Moet and Chandon was brought in Quemby returned, looking very dejected.

"Missed my train by half a minute, hang it!" was the excuse, as he sat down beside Sir Lionel. "What the devil I am going to do to-night I don't know."

Roland felt the man's eye upon him, and knew that he was trying to fathom whether he was one of themselves, but nevertheless, putting out a feeler to be asked by him to stay wherever Roland was really staying. It would not have been the first time that Mr. Quemby had been compelled to gag and bind his victim in a bedroom.

After expressing sympathy with the man who had been on a fruitless journey, Roland soon discovered, by the optical correspondence that was taking place between the two mobsmen, that they would only be too glad to be rid of his presence for a few moments.

On pretence of having a wash, he crossed the floor of the restaurant, and inquired for the telephone, the whereabouts of which was, fortunately, in a small ante-room near the lavatory.

Roland rang up the Metropole. "Are you the Metropole? Is that the office? Has a man been round inquiring for a Gladstone bag, hat-box, and a dressing-case? What? Yes, quite right—that was he. Marked G. M. in black block letters. Has he? Did he? Well, let me tell you he is one of the biggest hotel thieves in London. No; I don't. No, he calls himself by the name of Quemby. Oh! the police know him quite well, but they've lost sight of him for some time, have they? Oh, no. Yes, yes. I've got him. Yes, certainly I should. Wait a minute. Are you there? Hallo! hallo! Yes there's another of them. He is going to try the same dodge on the Victoria. Well, I believe certain baggage of that description has been sent to one of your company's hotels, and they are trying to find out which one. Yes, yes; you are the manager. Yes, I see. Quite so; certainly I will. Well, you had better be quick about it; he's now on his way there; same game. He'll inquire for the same things. Yes, all right. After they've arrested him get someone who can identify the one who called on you. All right. Let the detective wear a red tie and carry a white handkerchief in his left hand. Right—right. Very good. Near the entrance. Yes, five minutes. Good; I'll be there! Good-bye."

"I think I shall catch my first brace to-night," said Roland to himself, as he emerged from the telephone box. "If such fools as they can make a decent living out of London jays, I wonder what, with a little experience and a respectable bank balance, I shall be able to do."

"Ah, I shall not see my noble baronet again for some time, I fear," he murmured to himself, as he caught sight of Quemby at the table alone.

"Sir Lionel has just met an old co-director of his, and they have gone upstairs," pointing to the gallery. "I don't suppose they will be many minutes."

"That's all right," remarked Roland, taking the proffered seat. "I am afraid I have monopolised too much of his time already."

"Not at all, Mr. Maitland," corrected Quemby, adding, in a confidential whisper, "do you know you've made a great impression on the baronet? And he comes of a very ancient family. One of them, Sir George, was confidential adviser to the Earl of Clarendon, who was appointed Viceroy of Ireland on the accession of James II. If you play your cards well, Sir Lionel may be of some use to you."

"I shouldn't like to trespass on his generosity," said Roland. "Just fancy a titled gentleman condescending to be bored to death by a countryman."

The band was now playing Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and it was past midnight.

"I really must be going," said Ronald. "Look, it's close upon half-past twelve, and I have some important business to transact early to-morrow morning."

"Why this thusness?" put in Quemby. "The—the Metropole doesn't close——"

"Oh," he interrupted, "I made an important discovery during the time you were endeavouring to catch your train."

"An important discovery!" ejaculated the other, with well-affected surprise. "What was that?"

"Why, my luggage really went to the Hotel Victoria. I foolishly took it to be part of the Metropole."

"Dear me! How surprised you would have felt if, when you had got there, some porter had told you your baggage hadn't arrived."

Roland started visibly.

There, standing near the entrance to the hall, which, as he now sat, he almost faced, stood two men, one of them sporting a blazing red tie and carrying a large white handkerchief conspicuously in his left hand.

"What's the matter?" queried Quemby, with a faint suspicion of anxiety. "See anyone you know?"

"Yes, I do," replied Roland, "and someone I least expected. I shall have to go back with him to my hotel—he comes from my home."

"This must never be," thought Quemby, who fondly imagined that his partner was busily engaged ransacking "Maitland's" trunks. Quemby had strict injunctions from his leader on no account to part company with "Maitland."

"Surely you're not going without saying good-bye to my cousin," remonstrated Quemby; "he can't be long now."

"But my friend——"

"Why not introduce him?"

"You forget that I told you my pockets are empty," said Roland. "How can I possibly ask him to pay——"

"My dear sir," returned Quemby, "if a sovereign or two would be of any service——"

"But you don't know me," expostulated Roland, "and I couldn't think of——"

"Nonsense!" cried Quemby. "Here's a couple of sovereigns. I'll call at the Victoria to-morrow and you can repay me."

"It's really too good of you," returned Roland, pocketing the money. "Well, I'll introduce him."

With these words, Roland left his victim and went straight up to the detective, offering him his hand, which was immediately taken.

"Have you caught the other?" he asked breathlessly.

"He's safely lodged in a cell by now. Where's your man?"

Roland indicated him.

"All by himself, I see. Here, Waters," he called, "follow carefully behind me. See if you can identify him."

With delighted exultation, Roland crept back into the restaurant, and quietly made his way to the balcony. Having secured a convenient place which commanded a full view of Mr. Quemby, and whence he could watch events without being observed, Roland saw the pair approach the unsuspecting mobsman. The man called "Waters" had evidently

identified Quemby, for the detective, tapping him on the shoulder, was saying something to him.

Roland noticed with glee the look of mingled fear and anger on the blanched face of the trapped one; he saw his eyes wander all over the hall and towards the balcony. Then after Quemby had called and paid the waiter, the trio wended their way between the tables and out of sight.

"Closing time, gentlemen, please," shouted a stentorian voice below.

Rightly guessing that the detective would not wait long with his charge at the entrance of Kraskati's, Roland, with an air of easy nonchalance descended the stairs, made his way to the stand whereon his coat and hat were hanging, took them off, and was the last customer to leave.

Roland hailed a hansom. "Drive me to the Cecil."

There was an air of quiet satisfaction on his face as the vehicle dashed into the Strand.

Having booked a room, Hamilton strode with a jaunty step into the smoking-room, and he leant back in a lounge chair which was near enough the fire to make him feel at peace with all the world. All thoughts of Sir Lionel and Quemby, probably shivering in a cold cell, had for the moment vanished, and perhaps for the first time in his life, Roland agreed that this was the best of all possible worlds.

The sound of his own snoring woke him up, but he did not alter his posture. He began to wonder where he was, and whilst trying to collect his scattered thoughts (for he had imbibed fairly deeply at Kraskati's), he heard the sound of voices behind him. He listened attentively.

"It simply resolves itself into this," said a deep bass voice, "either we get the five thousand put up, or the bally company doesn't go to allotment."

"Which means," added another speaker, "that we return a generous, confiding public nearly £6,000, and cancel applications for 45,000 shares."

"It does seem the hardest of hard luck," put in a third, "and as for any assistance from the bank or a financial house at a day's notice——"

"What about the vendor? Couldn't he suscribe?"

"The poor devil hasn't a penny, and if we don't proceed to allotment to-morrow, he's going to file his petition," asseverated the bass-voiced speaker.

"We're in a dashed awkward hole, that's what it is. We shall have to get an extra £5,000 by hook or by crook. We're not going to be such bally fools as to return 45,000 half-crowns."

"If it comes to the worst, the promoter will put it up."

"Look here, Lord Teddington, you are new to City men and City methods, or you would understand why Vansittart is powerless to help us out of our difficulty."

"Well, you gentlemen had better settle it yourselves. Let me know the decision you arrive at as early as possible. Good-night, Murgatroyd. Good-night, good-night."

"Where shall you be between three and four?"

"At the Carlton Club."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

The door opened and closed.

There was a whisper, and someone said, "Go and have a look."

Roland understood, and breathing heavily simulated sleep.

It was with a keen sense of satisfaction that he heard someone move cautiously round the back of his chair, and instinctively felt that the man, whoever he was, stood still in front of him for several seconds, and then report: "It's all right; he's still fast asleep."

The speaker rang for "Scotches and 'polly's," and the conversation was resumed—

"It didn't do to give the game away too much to Teddington," said the bass voice. "He's only a novitiate; wait till he's passed the third degree."

"Strikes me that lawyer of his—keen, cunning old devil—has already put him through his facings. But he's making old Vansittart squirm over the figure."

"What of it?" retorted another, "he can afford it, and the Right Honourable Viscount Teddington, R.C.M.G., M.P., with an unstained record, has pulled between thirty and forty thousand. I'd stake my life on that."

"I was afraid his lordship was going to ask why Vansittart couldn't take up the extra shares and sell out."

"I reckon Lawyer Stackpool has given him to understand that Stock Exchange quotations are sometimes a bit fictitious; he puts things so nicely."

"Well, this won't help us out of our difficulty," said the harsh-voiced one; "it's quite evident to my mind that we must get this sum by crook. But how's it going to be done? —that's it. Where are we going to find the dummy? We must get a fellow with a good address——"

Roland gave a loud yawn, stretched his arms wide out and pushed back his chair until it struck something.

"Here, I say!" exclaimed one of the trio.

Hamilton immediately arose, and offered his apologies.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said. "I had no idea that anyone was sitting so near. I am afraid I have been dining rather too well, and gentle sleep——"

"Gentle!" cried the bass voice; "why, you snore like a town bull."

"I'm so sorry," said Roland. "Why didn't you give me a dig in the ribs? I'm sure I deserved it."

"You might have retaliated with interest—you countrymen are so——"

"How do you know I am a countryman?" queried Roland, who had been putting on the Lancashire accent with a vengeance. "Does my speech betray me?"

"Of course it does; and you're not long in London, for a fiver."

"If you wagered five hundred, you would be perfectly correct," returned Hamilton, diving his hands deeply into his pockets and endeavouring to suppress a yawn.

"You are up on business, staying at this hotel, returning in a few days to—to——"

"Archbutt's my name," said Roland.

Each man was saying to himself: "We have found an ideal dummy."

In less than an hour Roland was "as thick as thieves" with Robert Murgatroyd, the director with the bass voice; Launcelot Williams, introduced as a contractor to his Majesty's Government (he once supplied a few bags to the Foreign Office which were rejected on examination), and with Stephen Dynevor, a financial wrecker, a man with great powers of forensic eloquence, whose services were requisitioned by nearly every fraudulent promoter in London.

Champagne was ordered and a choice selection of cigars was handed round. Roland had agreed to apply for six thousand shares, and send in a cheque for £750, being the half-crown per share payable on application. Stephen Dynevor was to supply the "dud" cheque, so that the company, which, by the way, was called "The Aurum Gold Mining Properties, Limited," would forthwith proceed to allotment. Then when the cheque was returned and an explanation required from Mr. "Archbutt," at the Cecil, his address would be "Walker, London."

Roland was to get a tenner for his services.

"I'll sign the application form now, gentlemen," ventured Roland. "Business is business, and as I don't care much about this sort of thing, I think I'd better get it over before I change my mind—which I may do by to-morrow."

The three directors speedily clinched matters. Stephen Dynevor took out half a dozen cheque-books from his overcoat pocket, and selecting one with a faded cover, tore out a form, and handed it to Roland, who filled it in for £750, signing it James Archbutt. Then he applied on the proper form for the requisite number of shares, giving the hotel as his permanent residence, addressed an envelope to the Secretary, and finally handed all three to Mr. Robert Murgatroyd, who saw that everything was in order. Hamilton next received two five-pound notes, out of which he called for another bottle of champagne.

The clock on the marble mantelpiece chimed three.

"Here, don't lose these," said Roland, as he gathered up Dynevor's miscellaneous collection of cheque-books and handed them back to him, but the note-book which he found amongst them he carefully put in his own pocket.

"Well, good-night gentlemen all—I'm going to bed. I've had a fairly heavy day to-day," essayed Roland, "but I've got to rake in some money to-morrow, and I want to get up fresh for the day's work."

"Good-night. Good-night, old chap," they chorused.

When the coast was clear, the trio executed various kinds of impromptu war dances, to the utter amazement of the night porter who chanced to look in at the door.

"A dummy of the first water."

"Cheap at treble the figure."

"Salvation at Lockhart's prices."

These were some of the comments of the gold mining directors, as they proceeded to retire to their rooms.

As Roland Hamilton recounted the evening's experiences, he could not but be well satisfied with the result of his first night in London. He was too exhausted to see what his newly-acquired pocket-book contained; too satisfied with what he had so far accomplished. As he retired, he mentally exclaimed: "If I don't take at least five hundred in crisp bank notes to-morrow from Old Vansittart, my name's not Maitland, or Archbutt, or even Roland Hamilton."

What is Your Number?

It may mean Five Pounds for you.

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 1.

TWO A.M.

BY LAURENCE HALL.

Mrs. Ballantyne had been dreaming (she told me afterwards) that the house was on fire, and having tried in vain to rouse me, she had rushed down into the street and sought out the nearest fire alarm, broken the glass, and pressed the button! Simultaneously, someone rang our own electric bell, and Mrs. Ballantyne awoke bewildered, uttering a little scream. The time was two a.m., and the day was the other.

"Arthur," she said, shaking me excitedly, "there's someone ringing at the front door!"

"Go to sleep; you've been dreaming!" I said roughly.

"Oh, Arthur, dear! Who can it be?"

"Heaven knows!" I muttered, hesitating.

There came a patter of feet and a knock at the door.

"Is that you, Mary?" I inquired sharply.

"Please sir," said the girl, "there's someone ringing."

"Yes, it's all right. We heard. You go back to bed."

And pretending to laugh, I got into my dressing gown.

"Oh, do be careful, Arthur!" Mrs. Ballantyne entreated. "You don't know what might happen!"

"But I must go down, darling," I said, my teeth chattering audibly—for it was very cold.

"Open the window!" suggested Mrs. Ballantyne.

"Of course—how stupid!"

"Is that you, Ballantyne?" cried a cheery, familiar voice from the street below. "I'm glad you're not dead, anyway! Come down and open the door, there's a good fellow!"

"Why, it's Jack!" I exclaimed in relief and amazement.

Mrs. Ballantyne regarded me for a moment with a strange, new excitement.

"Come on, old fellow!" urged Jack, in the same reckless fashion.

Closing the window and dropping into my slippers, I hurried downstairs, utterly perplexed.

"Anything wrong?" I inquired, as Jack came in.

"Wrong? You Jeremiah!" he said. "Not likely—it's all right, you may depend!" and he laughed loudly, while I—I stood with an incredulous stare, for Jack's tie was at the top of his collar, and there was a stud missing from his shirt.

"Jack!" I said reproachfully, piloting him to my den.

"It is rather early, isn't it, old man," Jack admitted, pocketing his watch with a foolish smile. "But I didn't think you'd mind, anyway. Fact is, I thought you'd have a walk," he added nervously. "We can talk things over."

"Thought I'd have a walk? Talk things over?" I repeated, amazed. "What things?"

Jack got up, fidgeting, and smiling the same foolish smile.

"You don't understand, of course——," he began.

I admitted it sharply.

"But you will some day—at least, I hope so," he added, with a peculiar significance.

"Jack!" I burst out, "you're ——," but I couldn't bring myself to say it—the word stuck in my throat.

"Let's get outside," he pleaded, pulling at my sleeve.

I turned to go upstairs.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked Mrs. Ballantyne.

"Jack's either drunk, or gone mad; I'm not sure which. Wants me to go for a walk—did you ever hear anything so ridiculous? I shall have to take him home, of course."

Mrs. Ballantyne lay back on her pillow, and I was left to finish dressing in silence, which might have struck me as being very odd, but I was thinking of Jack. As I turned to the glass, however, I caught sight of her face, and I could have sworn she was smiling.

"You can't make anything of it, can you?" I said.

"Are you coming Ballantyne?" cried a voice up the stairs.

Muttering imprecations, I hastened down.

"What an old slow-coach you are!"

"Oh, there's no need for hurry, is there? The morning's still young!" I said cheerfully.

Jack glanced at his watch, for all the world as though he suspected me of an attempt to hoodwink. He uttered an ejaculation, squeezing by as I opened the door.

"I'm awfully sorry, Ballantyne," he said hurriedly, "but I had no idea—the time's positively flown! I must get back, you know, to see how things are getting on. So don't you trouble any further. I daresay I shall look in again before breakfast." With which, and before I could interfere, Jack took to his heels.

I watched him until he was almost out of sight, stupefied. Then, shutting the door with a snap, I started in pursuit.

At last I reached the terrace where my friend lives, and I slowed down in astonishment at sight of the house lit at every window; the hall door, too, was thrown wide open! I crossed the threshold like a man dreaming, and Jack rushed into my arms.

"Ballantyne!" he whispered hoarsely, almost sobbing with delight, "*it's a boy!*"

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Fulness at the Chest,
Headaches,
Biliousness.

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THE WORLD'S REMEDY

Cleanses the Liver,
Purifies the Blood,
Sharpens the Appetite,
Invigorates the System,
Assists Digestion.

In a statement dated January 8th, 1907, Miss Martha Bannister, of, 4, Arden Cottages West Malvern, says:—"I lost all appetite, and soon found myself so weak and run down that I could not work. I had constant headaches, often with dizziness, and I was tortured with wind and stomach pains. My nerves got so weak that I could hardly keep still. Nothing did me any good, and I was so weak that I was helpless. All the life seemed to be going out of me. It was then that my mother got me some Mother Seigel's Syrup, and that was the first thing to do me any good. It put an end to the wind and headaches, and quieted my nerves; my appetite came back, and soon I was quite well again."

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Women and Rifles.

At the recent shooting competitions at Bisley, a lady (Mrs. Chaplin) distinguished herself as the first woman to gain full marks there when shooting from a distance of 500 yards. Of course, it is delightful to "break the record," but it is not at all uncommon for ladies to be straight, reliable shots—not only on such safe, quiet occasions as this, but in moments that must be fraught with excitement, not to mention danger. Quite a number of women (including Lady Minto and her pretty daughters, and that lover of all adventure, Lady Constance Stewart Richardson) have successfully indulged in the delights of big-game shooting. But such sport naturally falls only to the lot of the fortunate few—the majority of women must content themselves with a much less thrilling target than is a man-eating lion or a six-foot tiger. Quite a number of ladies' rifle teams exist in England, and at Beckenham recently a shooting match was organised between the ladies' team and a similar number of the local volunteers. I wonder if the "citizen soldiers" felt very small at its conclusion, and wended their way home by the back streets, for the ladies won by 228 points to the men's 202. They need not have felt any more abashed, however, than they would have done had men been the victors, for steadiness of hand, keenness of brain, and correctness of eye are not questions of sex at all; and these, not physical strength, are what go to make a good shot. In the cantons of Switzerland, where nearly all the men and women learn to handle rifles, the average "markswoman" is fully as sure and reliable as the average "marksman," and in the annual competitions very often carries off the prizes from her brothers.

The Aspiring Hatpin.

Hatpins are growing ambitious. Like the frog in the fable, who tried to puff himself out and become as big as the bull in the neighbouring field, so hatpins are growing ever larger, as if they aspired to finally emulate the *chapeau* itself in importance. What do you think of the notion of an entire humming-bird—outspread wings, long sweeping tail-feathers, and all complete—being employed to form the head of a hat-pin? These birdies are, for the most part, of many colours, like Joseph's coat, for they are made up of the odds and ends of plumage left over from the manufacture of all sorts of artificial wings and ospreys. Being so gay, they serve well to brighten up dull-toned millinery. But the most popular hat-pin has a head in the form of a globe. Sometimes this is formed of a mass of tiny imitation blossoms—forget-me-nots, lilac, daisies—in other instances it is of china, and then the most exquisite combinations of colour imaginable can be had. Some of the more expensive of these china knobs are hand-painted, as daintily as miniatures; the cheaper ones have the design worked in the china itself, just the same as household crockery. One I saw about the size of a prize walnut, showed a regular little picture of a country landscape—mountains, fields, and a windmill in the foreground—quite an academy picture, in short! Another—designed for a motor hat—bore on it a representation of a little motor careering along gaily. The very latest fad is to have the hat-pin head made of straw, silk or velvet. I noticed a very smart lady, who had made her hat-pins quite an important item in her toilette. She was wearing a grey tailor-made costume, trimmed with silk buttons, on each of which was embroidered a rich blue cornflower, and in her black toque were prominently placed a couple of very large hat-pins, the heads formed of grey silk, on which cornflowers were likewise embroidered. This elegant dame carried a small grey suede handbag, in one corner of which was worked a dainty spray of the same blue cornflowers.

Nature's Jewels.

Flowers have been so cheap and plentiful lately that the most economical woman has been able to gratify her love of beauty—if she has any. It is rather surprising that clusters of flowers are not more generally worn, for they add such an unsurpassable finish to the appearance. Personality tells in the arranging and wearing of flowers, as in everything else, but "Nature's Jewels" have such grace of their own that they are able to more or less defy the arrangement of the most clumsy and inartistic wearer. A little touch of originality can be introduced into the method of wearing flowers by tying a ribbon of harmonising hue around the stems, and after the bunch is fixed in position fastening the long ribbon ends by means of brooches a few inches on either side away from the blossoms. Violets should always be unfastened from the stiff little bunches in which they are usually sold, shaken loose, and tied up again.

Not only do they then look infinitely more charming, but they retain their pristine freshness for some time longer.

MODES FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The fashion columns of newspapers are now filled with advice and illustrations of dainty garments from which womenfolk may gather hints for holiday wear. If the slump in the weather continues, all that the holiday-maker will require to take away with her will be mackintoshes, umbrellas and goloshes. Only the very brave or the very vain woman will defy the elements in her most summery frocks.

THE WEATHER AND HAPPINESS.

During the last few days much has been said in the papers about the damage the storms have inflicted on crops. I wonder if anyone has spoken of the terrible amount of bad temper and consequent unhappiness wet weather causes? The girl who only cares for reading will not be much affected, but those normal, healthy women, who get their greatest pleasure from being in the good clean air, will be in a sad case. Some years ago—I am not going to betray my age by saying how many—I read a longish short story—I think by Ouida—describing the disastrous results on the happiness of a newly-married couple caused by a rainy June. This, of course, was fiction, but I should say that it has a remarkable foundation in fact. Confinement indoors produces irritability, and irritability hasty words, which, as often as not, bear fruit in due season! All we women can do is to feed the brute, no easy matter in stuffy holiday lodgings, and keep a hopeful eye on the barometer.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

I suppose we shall have the usual wail from English hotel keepers as the holiday season wanes at the persistence with which English people prefer to go abroad rather than spend time and money in English resorts. The reason for this preference is not far to seek. Abroad one gets infinitely more change, better food, accommodation and attendance for far less than one pays in England for inferior things. I have often been struck when motoring in England with the difficulty of getting anything to eat at the ordinary provincial hotel. The request for food is complied with grudgingly, and often after waiting an unconscionable time for the meal, which invariably proves to be indifferently-fried chops, for which an exorbitant charge is made. How different is the treatment received at the ordinary hotel abroad. I would suggest a deputation of hotel keepers to make a tour of France, Belgium, and Germany, to see how much better chance-catering is managed.

THE REMEDY.

The latest suggestion for making a profit from poultry is to keep about six or seven fowls in each small field in light, wooden houses. Thus there is less risk of disease, and the hens can pick up much natural food, which lessens the cost of each egg. I would also suggest the inadvisability of paying any attention to the screeds of prominent poultry sellers, who advise would-be purchasers that to get the happiest results it is cheaper in the end to buy the best stock. Of course, it is imperative to have the best stock for show purposes, but for getting eggs there is nothing to beat the mongrel barn-door. The fact of the matter is, that the highly-bred, costly bird is too inbred to preserve the egg-producing type.

LAVENDER.

To make a sachet powder of lavender: Half a pound of dry lavender flowers and one pound of powdered orris root. Five drops of oil of bergamot, five drops of oil of roses, the same quantity of oil of bitter almonds, and a drachm and a half of tincture of musk should be poured over the orris root and flowers. When well mixed together, the sweet powder should be put in little silk or linen bags, and these placed within my lady's linen chest.

BEAUTY SPOTS.

Let me record the latest fad of fashionable Parisian coquettes. Stripes are still the height of fashion for smart visiting gowns, and French women, when wearing a combination of black and white, complete the idea by placing a tiny patch in close conjunction to the prettiest dimple on their cheeks. If the gown be *décolletté* for evening wear, sometimes—just sometimes—the whiteness of the fair bosom thus exposed is emphasised by yet another impertinent little black patch. I don't fancy this latter idea will commend itself to English ladies of good taste, but the beauty-spot on the cheek is quite a demure vanity—for a pretty woman. Any such unblushing and obvious striving to enhance beauty is merely absurd, if beauty be entirely and unquestionably absent. Thus, put yourselves into a discreet frame of mind ere you decide for or against a black patch.

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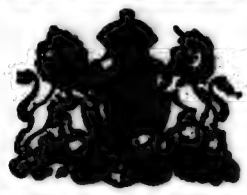

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LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded Rumours:—
That Carnegie's "Temple of Peace" should be called the "Temple of 'Pieces.'"
That our judges are overworked.
That Ouida thinks it is more blessed to give than to receive.
That the L.C.C. Education Committee provide excellent "spectacles."
That Mr. Stead was really anxious to C.B.
That it is still hardly safe to say "soap" in Carmelite Street.
That the danger from Germany's war balloons is all "gas."
That, despite Admiral Finnis, we need "Dreadnought."
That the Rev. R. J. Campbell will shortly issue a work called "The New Socialism."
That the weather has pleased someone.

Sir Gilbert Parker has named Mr. Asquith the "pharisee of finance." He himself is a "scribe."

A workhouse barber has retired after forty-six years. He has scraped enough to live on.

Mr. Kettle, M.P., says Lord Cromer is a "retired des*pot*." Good old fable.

The engagement of Miss Helen Botha has been announced. Her family has always been ready to answer a call to arms.

Popular Pastimes:—
For tennis-players.—Going on the "racquet."
For fishermen.—Drawing in line.
For sailors.—Attending "sales."
For smugglers—"Doing" their duty.
For newly-married couples.—"Mooning."
For missionaries.—Blackberrying.
For society ladies.—(S)candle-making.
For coal merchants.—Jockeying light-weight selling (mis)stakes.
For company promoters.—Keeping guinea-pigs.
For butchers.—Chopping stakes.
For pickpockets.—Avoiding the "blues."
For mashers.—Dear-stalking.
For burglars.—"Rifle"-practice.
For Stock Exchange bears.—Bull-fighting.
For turf gamblers.—Punting.
For poets.—Going into a "decline."
For milkmen.—Chalking it up.

Mrs. Llewyneilwdwerwisseka was charged at Boston, U.S.A., with being a public nuisance. She should change her name.

A writer in the *Express* speaks of "the luckless first-born infant, who is absolutely helpless and at the mercy of the whims of its owners." Most happy fathers know better than this.

A Mrs. Porter of Missouri has died from a hen-peck. Are the tables being turned?

A Korean cow has just been added to the Zoo. It is very depressed, no doubt, on account of the Emper.r's abdication.

In New York last week a party was given to a chimpanzee. The animal was quite at home.

"School for Waiters" is an *Express* heading. There will be prizes for good attendance, of course.

The Corporation of Coventry marched in the Lady Godiva procession. Of course they were in front.

Judge Rentoul is in favour of judgment summonses being abolished. So are a good many other people.

At the launching of the new battleship, H.M.S. *Bellerophon* the Rev. A F. Hill conducted a brief religious service. Was the hymn "Peace, perfect peace"?

"Profound secrecy is being observed regarding the arrangements for the meeting of the Kaiser and the Czar," says the *Express*, and proceeds to tell all about it. Nothing like enterprise.

While Keir Hardie was lecturing on Socialism at Winnipeg, someone stole his hat, vest and tobacco pouch. More "ours for us."

In a recent nullity suit the plaintiff said she got married without knowing what she was doing. She knows now.

The Union Jack Club is *not* for injured motor-bus drivers.

Most doctors take alcohol. They need something to drown their consciences.

Several papers have been giving advice as to the best means of keeping well. The following have wired their opinion:—
La Milo—Wear light clothing.
G. R. Sims—Plenty of fresh 'air and mustard and cress.
Lord Northcliffe—Keep out of the Sunlight.
George Robey—Laugh and grow fat.
Mr. Redmond—Take plenty of Irish.
Mr. Tree—Change of scene.
Sandow—Exercise and weight lifting.
W. G. Grace—Avoid ducks.
C. A. Pearson—Hustle at Express rate.
M. Paderewski—Play gives tone to all organs.
A. W. Pinero—Put your house in order.
Sir F. Burnand—Plenty of Punch.
Duke of Devonshire—Plenty of sleep.
W. S. Gilbert—Eat greenmeat—especially Savoy.

A writer informs us that noise mean loss of money. He evidently got the idea from the old Scotsman: "Bang went saxpence."

There has been a keen discussion as to whether the Rand natives should have beer. Quite a bitter attack.

A paper considers that the question of a successor to General Booth is a thorny one. Was it thinking of "Bramble"?

A canon at a recent meeting said: "I can sew a button on my trousers, but it doesn't stay on long." Was the cloth at fault, or the thread of his discourse weak?

Raisuli threatened the Kaid's ears. The authorities have retaliated by cutting off the brigand's supplies.

According to an advertisement, "every hair of our head is a little soldier." We would respectfuly point out that we are not all ginger.

After reading some of Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's articles, we think it a misfortune that he was not christened Drummond.

We wish Lieutenant Shackleton every success in the Antarctic. Some people say that he is already up the pole.

The argument à posteriori—cause and effect—is best illustrated by seeing a doctor at a funeral.

Natural history is occupying a good deal of attention just now Every book has its fly-leaf.

Mr. Beaumont, M.P., says: "If the Liberals were not in the van of progress, the people would soon get another party who would be." But what if they were "in the cart"?

One touch of nature, etc.! From the *Morning Post*: "A nobleman by descent (mother's side), 35, single, not by education or means, is harassed by plebeians. Will any fellow-bloodsman help?" We know those wretched plebeians—tailors, or moneylenders, as a rule.

From the *Telegraph*: "For sale, goodwill, etc., of established boarding-house, in good position and in full swing. Splendid opportunity for a widow, 20 beds full of gentlemen." In full swing, indeed! What price hammocks?

You can be too thrifty in counting the words in an advertisement, as this from the *Telegraph* proves: "A lady whose husband is going abroad wishes to meet with another to be her companion during his absence." The outlay of "another" penny or so would have stopped the tongue of scandal.

Hunnable the irrepressible charged a shilling for entrance to his meetings during the bye-election in N.W. Staffordshire; but it was noticed that people were not bobbing in.

The illustrated papers must be hard up when they take to the publication of faked pictures of moonlighting outrages in Ireland. The latest was disgracefully *Graphic*.

The *Daily Mail* represents Raisuli, in writing to "the Consul Bibi," at Alcazar, as saying, "I hope you are well and in good health." Somehow he hardly seems the kind of man to say the same thing twice over.

During the heat of debate over two contentious dogs at Camberley, Colonel Lyster remarked of Commander O'Keefe that "he had not the pluck of a flea." Commander O'Keefe should feel flattered. *Pulex Irritans* is the bravest of the brave. It dare attack a man a hundred thousand times bigger than itself even if it perishes in the struggle.

A man told Judge Willis the other day that he suffered from gastuetics. He should consult the gas company, then they will perhaps put him in a new meter.

Professor Starr, of Chicago, where they are reported to make pork out of pig iron, says that children should go about naked until the age of ten. In this country many of them do.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

J. B. (Balham).—You must not pay five guineas to the *Matrimonial Times*, or any other so-called agency. Jim Crow says he will introduce you to his sister if you will stand him a drink. You will probably want a brandy neat after the introduction.

J. E. W. (Greenwich) sends an amusing skit on the autobiographies of nonentities in *M.A.P.* We wish we had more space.

W. E. (Gloucester) sends a cutting from *Pearson's Weekly* "One of the Atlantic companies recently had two exactly similar vessels built, one at Belfast the other at Camden, U.S.A. The former cost £292,000, the latter £380,000. In other words, the British ship was 25 per cent. cheaper." "This article," says *Pearson's Weekly*, "is instructive." We agree.

"A READER" (Barnet) says his father was a drunkard while "working under a Christian woman." Nine months ago he decided to give up the flowing bowl, so he took another place. The Christian lady visited his new employer, and he was discharged. Perhaps he would have done better if he had stuck to the Christian lady. We really can't pronounce on cases of this kind ex parte.

M. L. (York).—We do not advise your sending any more money to the Club.

H. E. W. (Canterbury).—A "b" may often be mistaken for a "d," and we don't care a blooming Dutch coin.

W. P. (Treorky) has had a "free gift" of some Indian corn from Gerome and Co., Ltd. (83, Fleet Street, E.C.). They told him to "send no money," and he didn't. So why grumble? Let him give it to his cook or his fowls.

"TOZAFE" (Gunnersbury) made a mess of some postal orders, and only got out by paying in to his Savings Bank account. He was very lucky to get out at all, and need not grumble about "red tape." Red tape is not so bad as some people make out.

R. M. (Corfe Castle) sends a newspaper announcement that "Mrs. Gregory conducts stretching classes out of doors daily."

J. C. (Glasgow).—Thanks for interesting cutting from *Glasgow Evening News*. We are glad that our Scotch friends are beginning to appreciate us.

"ANTI-CANT."—We have not yet visited "Palestine in London," and do not propose doing so. When you send us your full name and address we will reply more fully.

J. H. (Westminster) suggests we should award a biscuit to Miss Tuckwell, who, when giving evidence on behalf of the Women's Trades Union League before the Committee of the House of Commons on Home Work, requested a member of the Committee to fetch her purse, which she had left upon the seat she had occupied before taking the witness chair. J. H. tells us that the request was at once complied with, and adds: "But, sir, the member of the Committee was a married man." That seems to us the only remarkable part of the story.

"WESTERN" (Glasgow).—We give it up, but if you will send us further particulars we will have another try.

W. T. D. (Ontario) tells us that JOHN BULL is easily obtained out there, and that there is a good and growing demand for it. Evidently another case of Canadian Preference.

J. S. A. D. (New Cross) persists in continuing his controversy with Mr. Vivian about conscription and armaments. With a sense of grammar about equal to his politeness, he looks forward to the time when "the advantage will lay with Germany." Lay what? Eggs or odds? Surely it is not patriotic to be so pessimistic about our country!

S. F. (Stoke Newington) wants us to decide a bet for him. We disapprove of betting, but we don't mind mentioning that the bridegroom, not the best man, provides the flowers for a bridal party. He also finds the bride.

A. B. K. (Wood Green).—There are many such cases of people who suffer in silence, and we hope the Court Missionary was able to do something for the poor fellow.

J. G. B. (Walthamstow) quotes from the *Surveyor and Municipal and County Engineer*: "For the ensuing year it was estimated that the income" of the Metropolitan Water Board "would be £2,960,000, an increase of £91,000,000 over last year." This sounds as if there had been a deficit.

"WAVERLEY" (S. Wales).—Tell us all you know about Mr. Jas. Murray, of 7, Southampton Row, London. We cannot do everything ourselves.

L. G. C. H. (Twickenham) sends us a cutting from the *Epsom Herald*, consisting of a complaint by a resident that on his way home from church on a recent Sunday afternoon he saw three men desecrating the Sabbath by playing cricket, and he asks "Does this mean to say we are becoming less religious? Is this the reason we see our churches half empty?" Our answer to the first question is in the negative, and to the latter in the affirmative.

J. H. W. (Paddington) tells us he is 102 years of age, and sends us a newspaper cutting which he thinks deserves a biscuit. We are afraid J. H. W. is "pulling our leg." His handwriting is that of a youth of 14.

O. T. (Ilford).—We know nothing of the United Club, Hourah, or the Calcutta Turf Club. The Stock Exchange Derby sweepstake is not open to outsiders.

H. G. S. (Wandsworth).—Thanks for cutting. We had already awarded a biscuit.

H. R. G. (Coventry Street).—Thanks for kindly letter. Let us have a look at your "pithy pars."—and don't forget the pith.

H. E. (East Finchley).—We think your letter to the Earl of Scarbrough a very good one, but he is of course within his rights in preserving his title to the foreshore. But for such a notice, his title would lapse.

A. M. (New Cross).—It is not necessary for you to sell your patent. It can be worked on a royalty basis, but be careful before embarking upon expense.

P. S. H. (Manchester) sends us more specimens of clerical blasphemy—this time consisting of an announcement of sermons by the Rev. Rigby Murray, of Manchester, upon the respective texts "God's Tear-bottle" and "Christ's Brand-marks." If only the *Freethinker* were to publish such things!

M. W. L. (Brixton).—We regret we are not in a position to put you in the way of obtaining homework. We are getting rather short of biscuits, or would have given the *Evening News* one in connection with the matter you mention.

O. D. (Milford Haven) wants us to add a patent column to our journal. We are afraid we cannot do everything.

F. H. (Birmingham).—The point raised by you has already been dealt with. We are pleased to know that "King Frederick always has a bowl of bread and milk for his supper." We wish you could induce Jim Crow to follow his example.

H. D. D. (Earlswood) wants our assistance to put a new mechanical toy on the market. It can be made for a penny. He had better place himself in communication with some such firm as Lawrence's, 112, Houndsditch—unless, of course, he can find a retired capitalist down Earlswood way who might be induced to take up the invention. Should he succeed, we hope he will send one of the first specimens to Jim Crow—who dotes on toys.

F. T. (Exeter).—Many thanks for most interesting cuttings—with which we have dealt editorially.

H. S. R. (Rotherham).—Thanks for cutting. Mr. Wallace, K.C., does do funny things sometimes.

F. R. (Walsall).—Thanks for cutting, but we have already dealt with the matter.

F. O. S. (Shepherd's Bush).—There is nothing to prevent your calling the institution "The London College of Choristers," but there is no necessity to register it.

S. A. B. (Hendon) has received an offer from the *Tribune* of a free copy of that paper for the next six months, and writes that he is prepared to take JOHN BULL on the same terms. He looks like winning one of our "fivers."

F. A. R. (South Tottenham).—Thanks for interesting letter. We cannot, however, accept your doctrine that "expenditure is simply money changing hands." Do you make no distinction between productive and non-productive outlay?

"FLOSSIE" (Crouch Hill) has been spending a fortnight at Hadleigh, Essex, where a benighted newsagent pretended he had never heard of JOHN BULL! Was she at the pig farm at the time of our recent exposures? "Flossie" is sending a dozen copies down to the place, as she is determined to regenerate it.

E. M. G-L (Grove Park).—No biscuits for poor punctuation.

W. B. (Deptford).—We have read your funny skit.

A. C. B. (Edgware Road).—We believe the Goldsmith's Manufacturing Company (35, Surrey Street, W.C.) is the notorious Ernest Goode, lately of Ernest Goode's Stores.

"UNDERGRAD" (Wild Wales) wants to celebrate Jim Crow in verse, but we are averse.

"LOYALIST" (Barnstaple) thanks us for referring to the Duke of Cambridge's umbrella. When the Duke visited Barnstaple some years ago, "Loyalist" hung out a flag with an umbrella painted on it. People said he ought to be flogged or even hanged, and his "boss" suspended him from work for a month. But the Duke laughed.

"EX ES NI DOM NI" (Islington).—The Spanish prisoner fraud is very, very old.

C. S. (Partick).—We gather that the £3 had been repaid.

J. C. S. (Ventnor).—To dress up is part of the fun of being a Mayor.

R. F. B. (Brixton).—Why?

T. H. M. (Walsall).—Read our back numbers.

The Seaside Laundry Question Easily and Finally Settled Without Trouble.

THE COUNTRY DEPARTMENT

OF THE

PALACE LAUNDRY

FULHAM

RETURN LINENS BY PASSENGER TRAIN IN 4 DAYS AFTER ARRIVAL.

Remember the Address.

(Only 3 Words.)

PARCELS POST FOR SMALL LOTS.

Correspondence Invited.

W. S. D. (Devonport).—We have already exposed it.

E. L. (Weston-Super-Mare) writes at great length about theology, but we can scarcely tackle all her points in Letter Bag.

J. T. H. (Southport) sends us cuttings of advertisements offering to sacrifice 4 guinea field glasses for prices ranging from 8s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. Among them are those emanating from our old friends the "Captain," of Caxton House, Upper Tulse Hill, and Davis and Co., "Pawnbrokers," 26, Denmark Hill—both of whom we have frequently exposed. We are glad to see that the "Captain" no longer gives his address as care of a well-known advertising office—no doubt our comments had something to do with the severing of this unfortunate connection.

J. J. J. (Upper Norwood) calls our attention to an advertisement for a "Guild" Secretary—the guild in question being that of "God's Messengers"—an enterprise run by a Mr. Don Glover, of Woodybay, Lynton, Exmoor, North Devon. From the documents in our possession, we entertain no doubt that the thing is a swindle, and we shall be glad to hear from any other readers who may have been trapped by Mr. Glover into sending him money for a copy of "The Simple Faith," in order to enable them to answer certain questions preparatory to their being appointed branch secretaries of the "guild."

"Meibion Dar" (Aberdare) has received one of the pestilential circulars from John D. Macdonald and Co., with his signature cut from a communication sent to the Editor of *T.A.T.* He thinks it "a shame that Editors should abuse postcards sent in for their competitions and assist these people." So do we.

"Bullite" points out that, in one of Dr. Northcliffe's serials in *Answers*, the villain thought the Statute of Limitations would save him from a prosecution for forgery. But it does not follow that the noble legislator agrees with all his villains. He can't even agree with all his editors, for they contradict themselves and each other very often.

V. N. (Norwich) sends a report of a case where a publican was fined for leaving a bottle of beer outside his house, where a policeman drank it. The bibber was fined nothing. Evidently the police can do no wrong, and publicans are never in the right.

"Anglais" (Sutton-in-Ashfield).—We are drawing up the advertisement you require for the French paper, and will post it on to you.

R. W. D. (Leyton) says "a young man, lately discharged from the Army; finds it impossible to get work, so hangs about Fenchurch Street Station trying to earn a few coppers by carrying passengers' parcels. He is arrested, and charged at the Mansion House with being a 'railway pest.' Sentenced to 14 days, without, as he says, being given a chance to speak." Surely he must have done something besides offering to carry parcels? Let us have full particulars, including the reasons for his discharge from the Army, and we will do what we can.

A. W. (Carmarthen).—We quite agree that in the event of a lady getting one of our winning numbers Messrs. Curzon's offer of a suit of clothes would be a little embarrassing, but most of our lady readers have brothers or cousins. Perhaps later on some enterprising ladies' tailor will come forward with an offer.

F. W. S. (Wood Green) tells us that, taking a country ramble during his holidays in a secluded lane with his nose buried in John Bull (what price the landscape?), he met a pedestrian coming in the opposite direction similarly occupied. Whereupon they adjourned to wet their "yellow pal." We wish we had happened to have been passing that way. We would gladly have paid for the drinks.

F. W. (Manchester).—We should like to publish Mr. Watson's letter, but you must remember we are a family paper. He had evidently been reading Jim Crow's recent article on "Oaths."

R. M. (Birmingham).—We do not know sufficient of the Institute of Natural Therapeutics, 73, Queen Victoria Street, to recommend you to forward them a cheque.

A. K.—It is very good of you to promise to distribute your old copies of John Bull. Many other readers, we are pleased to say, are adopting a similar course. Sorry you do not agree with us about the second ballot, but how otherwise are we to have government by majority? Hope you will soon get a winning number.

W. B. (Chelsea).—We are afraid that, having regard to all the circumstances, any attempt to obtain a remission in "Pedlar Palmer's" sentence would be futile. There is a great difference between an unprovoked assault in a railway carriage and legitimate prize fighting.

A. E. (Margate).—Many thanks for kind and encouraging letter. Hope you are having a good time.

E. G. (Clerkenwell).—Sorry we cannot send you a "fiver" until your number is up. *Nil desperandum.*

W. A. (Scarborough).—You will see we are allowing ample time for claims for our £5 notes. We wish everybody to have a fair chance.

A. L. D. (Reading).—You forget that it is impossible for us to keep pace with current events.

C. B. (Walthamstow).—Very pleased if you will attend our drawings, and then you will see just how it is done.

K. B. (Louth) dreamed that he had a winning number, and sent us No. 104,893 for our issue of June 22nd. Alas! dreams go by contraries—except when they come true.

"Regular Reader" (Kimberley, S. Africa).—It is only necessary to send a portion of the cover identifying the date and number, and in the case of foreign readers we allow ample time for claims to come in.

R. H. D. (King's Lynn).—Quite right. Bravo!

W. H. T. (Stevenage).—Thanks for cutting, with which we have dealt editorially.

"Tad."—When you send us your full name and address we shall be happy to reply to your letter.

A. G. (London).—Confound those "Limericks"!

J. W. (Clapton) and H. W. (London, E.C.).—Thanks for calling our attention to the point, but our opinion of the "Limerick" fraud remains unchanged.

J. R. (Alfreton).—Thanks for cutting, which has "come in useful" in our biscuit department.

G. B. W. (Manchester), "A Tottenham Reader," "Regular Reader" (Oldham), E. R. (Plymouth), and others, think we should award ourselves a biscuit for stating that "the schools close for five weeks in the middle of this month." We beg to add that "the Courts rose for ten weeks at the end of last month."

"Sourdand" (W. Norwood).—We have no personal knowledge of the merits of Mr. Keith-Harvey's electrical system of ear treatment, but if you have any cause to doubt its efficacy we will arrange to try it on Jim Crow.

X. (Tulse Hill).—Sorry you consider our Bull's Eyes "piffling drivel." Others think them the quintessence of homeopathic wit. One man's joke is another man's tear.

"Uncle Sam" (Southampton).—We have no doubt your description of the manner in which "Limericks" are judged is correct, but we are not dealing further with the matter at present.

G. R. (Maidenhead).—We certainly think your line as good as that which got a prize, but what can you do? Better go in for one of our £5 notes.

H. R. B. (Boscombe).—Unlike the *Bournemouth Graphic*, we do not award biscuits for obvious misprints.

R. E. T. (Newton Abbott).—We went fully into the Clease treatment some time ago and came to the conclusion that it was genuine, but we cannot, of course, guarantee it.

"Lynxeye" (Shepherd's Bush).—Your best way to get a berth as steward or purser on a liner is to communicate direct with the principal shipping companies at their port of sailing, but unless you are personally known you stand little chance of getting such an appointment. If you mention that you are a regular reader of John Bull it might help you.

W. H. M. (Belfast).—Any newsagent will obtain you John Bull Over-Seas to order. It is too expensive a production to distribute broadcast throughout the trade.

"Pierrot" (Poplar).—We do not think you would run any risk in producing the sketch, but it would be only courteous to apply to the journal in question for its permission.

C. R. W. (Glamorgan).—We are sorry you did not appreciate the sympathetic motives which prompted our letter to Mdlle. de la Ramée.

"Yeldarb" (Kingsland Road).—If you could find the herbal cigarette trickster, you should apply for a summons against him.

"Veno" (Durham).—Thanks for interesting letter.

"Broke" (Hull).—We think the book you want is advertised in the *News of the World*.

H. C. (Kentish Town).—We know of no persons—"qualified or otherwise"—who extract teeth by electricity. We are afraid the author of our recent verses "Hang the Expense" has misled you.

J. G. (Dewsbury) sends the following cutting:—

Wall Grange Wires. Fee £1 1s.

Jim Crow.

By Ch. Cackler of Notts. Litter brother to Ch. Commodore of Notts. Sire of more winners than any Terrier at a £1 1s. fee.

He thinks this explains a lot, and that, if Jim Crow is by Ghampion Cackler, he is "a worthy son of a worthy sire." We are interested to hear that Jim is "sire of more winners than any terrier at a £1 1s. fee." For he has already stated that "there are no children by Jim Crow."

S. J. S. (Walthamstow) writes: "I don't like Herbert Vivian. He evidently is a disappointed man. I should think he is a victim of the drug habit. I like cheerful people, not prying, nosey ones. Jim Crow is Great. Pity Herbert Vivian is not like him. Your own little notes and Letter Bag, best in your paper." We will introduce Crow to Vivian, and see if he can't cheer him up and make him less nosey. But their point of view is so different that they are not likely to agree.

J. S. (Langharne) praises us until we blush all over. He encloses a cutting which is a bit hard on the Lord Chancellor, but the poor chap has a tough job to counteract all the jobs of his predecessor.

"Constant Reader" (Clapham Common) wants a biscuit for two ladies who gave a porter a 3d. bit and asked for 1d. change. But we thought porters were forbidden to accept gratuities.

"A Scorcher" (Cottingham) wants to know if cyclists will soon be compelled to have a man walking in front of them with a red flag.

T. W. (Kilburn).—We commented at the time.

T. D. (Birmingham) wants a local Liberal daily. So do we.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, LIMITED.

Dividend warrants in payment of the half-yearly dividend on the 6 per cent. preference shares for the half-year ended July 31st, 1907, were posted to the preference shareholders of this Company on July 31st.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
["Larry Lynx" of "The People."]

Ask if it is True.

To make a book nowadays a man has to have an absolute will of iron.

Notice it.

All Bill of Portland stock have the same good colour—black brown—and wonderfully fine coats.

The New "Class."

Royston's three trainers, at least, those with any horses, in Mott, Whitaker, and Foster, are all amateurs.

Sensible.

In Australia all the fines and fees, which owners over here so much object to, go to the Disabled Jockeys' Fund.

The Ruse of Fiction.

The tick-tack used for betting purposes in England is applied more to signalling by jockeys to their friends in Australia.

The Poor Owner!

Apropos of the new stands on the Newmarket July course and at Goodwood, owners are agitating for increased accommodation almost everywhere, and there is a suggestion of petitioning the Jockey Club to consider their reasonable needs. It is pointed out that at practically every meeting there are stands for trainers and jockeys—which latter term includes stable lads—and a pretty general motley crowd. Many owners assert that they do not desire to be so associated, but to have either a stand for themselves or one in which they can mix with their trainers ONLY—which would certainly lead to considerably more buying of selling-race winners, or claiming, if the owner and trainer can confer during and immediately after running. At no other race-meeting except Ascot is there such a stand wholly and solely for owners. Usually no very special provision is made for those who really provide the sport, for they are mere ordinary occupants of Tattersall's, and have very little possible chance of seeing their trainer. Further, if naturally desiring to witness the saddling of their representative, before they could possibly get back to Tattersall's every coign of vantage is occupied. What would happen, for instance, in the event of an owner who is not a member of the club winning the Derby? After being in the paddock it would be impossible for him—unless possessing a private box—which not everyone can do—to obtain ANY position from which he could see his horse run, and then it would be absolutely impracticable, in case of success, to fight his way back through the terrible crowd to lead his horse in. Probably, as in most other events, "little" men are not expected to win the blue riband. Most of the successful owners in that category are influential folk, who are either stewards or members of the club, whose lawn enclosure fortunately adjoins the little weighing-room enclosure at Epsom. To the suggested stand all bonâ fide owners should be admitted, whether they have a horse running that particular day or not.

Goodwood.

It is the luck of fame—and the Royal support—which keeps Goodwood going, for none can deny that the week's racing was anything but of the very ordinary. And if it is very glorious—and picturesque—when you do get there, it is truly a very long way to go for it. To do the thing properly, and stay the week ruralising in one of the adjacent villages is real enjoyment—that is, if you have nothing else to do—but to "train it" night and morning, and have that long drag up to the race hill and the rush away again, makes Goodwood very wearing, and it is questionable as to whether it is worth it. The many desperate finishes relieved the tameness of the racing, for what sort of a Stewards' Cup field was it that Romney beat? A very plain-looking three-year-old to just scrape home under 6st. 3lb. cannot quite uphold the historical prestige of the race. Not 1 per cent of those present doubted that Reckless had won—there were several similar deceiving finishes in the Woodbury colt, Fairy Footsteps and Orphah's races, for instance. For the few fashionable jockeys not to carry off everything, for some of them riding bad races, and for three-year-old feather-weights to be in all the leading sprint positions stultified Goodwood's usual character. The meeting owes everything to tradition and fashion, aided by being modernised towards the public needs. These might be carried further by licensing the jarvies to charge a uniform rate for the drive up and down, and especially by posting the distances races are won by. It is an old—and gradually successful—outcry of mine, but why shouldn't people who pay to see the sport know the official verdicts of what happens under their noses without waiting until they leave the rendezvous and learn it from a newspaper?

The Arundel Stable.

There is no better criterion of the advancement of racing nowadays than to notice the altered class of those engaged in this enormous sport—commercial life. Nowadays our jockeys, in the main, are not the illiterate stable boys of old, and as for trainers, one-half of them are amateurs—chiefly men in the Service. It is no wonder that Alfred Day (the trainer of Romney) forsook the medical profession, for which he was intended, to follow one that has been attractive to and ornamented by three generations before him. It was in 1887—Jubilee year—that he became the occupant of his present residence—The Hermitage, Slindon, near Arundel—which is frequently termed "Balls Hut," although this is merely the curious name of the village "pub." I remember as a boy, when staying with the Woodlands at Chichester, going over The Hermitage, then occupied by Col. Cave, who changed its name from Boulogne Cottage. Except that Day has naturally improved the place, it is practically the same delightful old rendezvous now. No stable yards of tessellated tiles, electric lit, and boxes of luxury, but a perfect country residence, in which a hunting man would glory. Everything about the place is painted white, while the stables have thatched roofs, primitive and pretty, and, moreover, coolness itself in hot weather for the horses. With Sophron, Master Hopson, and others, Day has done splendidly of late, whilst last week he at last came off in his attempts to win the Stewards' Cup. There are about forty horses in his quaint old stable, many of them two-year-olds, who are nearly all on such a big scale that their trainer very sensibly does not attempt to train them yet. Day is not a competitor against his many fellow-trainers, but follows the game chiefly as a hobby. He breeds and trains a few of his own, and also has just about twenty of those of his friends. None of his patrons—who race for sport—are really betting owners, and in no sense are the stable representatives "manipulated." Their horses have been considerably in luck this season, although they are run out every time. If well, they are always "fancied," and backed moderately, so that their form is known, the plotting people get their "line," and handicappers crush them with weight, to the advantage of those who play the game as a means of money-making only. Alfred Day is, strangely enough, no relation to any of the many trainers of similar name. His great-grandfather was the bosom pal of George the Fourth when Prince of Wales. His grandfather built the famous Danebury stables, and was the owner of the largest stud of brood

The Sportsman (July 8th, 1907) says:—
"Mr. E. W. Betts, Turf Accountant, 41, Charing Cross Road, is at the service of gentlemen wishing to do business through him. He has been established twelve years, and we do not know that there is any better guarantee of satisfactory treatment than the time test affords." All accounts, large and small, receive careful personal supervision. Write at once for full particulars and terms of business. Telephone No.: 9137, Gerrard.

Now Ready,

The most vivid racehorse portraits ever produced.

MINTAGON (O. TRIGG Up.)
POLYMELUS (D. MAHER Up.)

the respective popular winners of the

Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.

The joint photo bears each jockey's autograph and is a reproduction in fac-simile colours equal to hand-colouring.

A Signed Portrait of

"LARRY LYNX"

The writer of these notes is added.

POST FREE, 6d.,

From the Publisher, "John Bull,"
4, Red Lion Court, Fleet St., E.C.

mares ever known. In it there were nearly 70 mares, besides stallions, yearlings, foals, etc. He was also the writer of the two standard works, "The Racehorse in Training" "The Horse; How to Breed and Rear Him."

Alfred Day.

Day is the only one of his family who has followed the "horsey" line, his brother being the well-known Dr. Edward Day, M.D., of Dorchester. Harry Chandler, who is Day's right-hand man, was with Day's father for over forty years. The old fellow is uncle to J. Chandler, the late Lambourn trainer, and Day considers him the best stableman in England. He was, unfortunately, knocked down by a horse rushing out of his box, and had his thigh broken two seasons ago. It always takes two to train horses, one out and one home, so that when Day is away at meetings—and he never goes unless something of their own is running—he is perfectly satisfied that everything is going well at The Hermitage. It was Harry Chandler who brought Promised Land to Goodwood to win the Cup in 1859. In that season the biggest match on record was made, when Promised Land was backed against Musjid, the Derby winner of his year, for £2,000 a-side. Finally, however, Musjid paid forfeit. Day is a great believer in Irish bloodstock, and from the Emerald Isle has obtained such good horses as The Rejected, Master Willie, Green Lawn, and one of the smartest two-year-olds of his year—Stephen's Green, now in South Africa. That such horses, in addition to Victor Wild, Bismarck, and others, have been quartered in these stables is evidence enough that the boxes, the downs, and the care they get is good enough for the best. Day has the exclusive right of some of the most beautiful gallops in England. Of course, the going is identical with that of the adjacent Goodwood racecourse. The stable is always represented well at the ducal gathering, the horses merely walking up, the downs being only a mile from the stable gates. To other race meetings they are boxed from Barnham Junction. Besides being able to train them when he has them, Day can "pick" a horse, as witness his purchase of Romney for 50 guineas and Green Lawn for 80 guineas. Then he bought Master Willie for a moderate sum in Ireland, and within six months the late Duke of Westminster had offered him 2,500 guineas for the horse, while the late Sir Blundell Maple was once very anxious to buy Royal River at ten times his cost. It was really Day who bought Victor Wild out of a selling race for Mr. Tom Worton.

Day's favourite and crack has always been Master Willie, who claims an extraordinary double record at five and six furlongs. All the horses have the best of everything, and are studied, understood and simply treated naturally, like human beings, not given mechanical hours of exercise and feeding. Day once trained a horse—Domain—who had two small horns—one on each side of his frontal bone, of similar weight, size and shape. It is such an extraordinary freak of nature that Day has had a plaster cast of his head sent to the British Museum, and the horse's head, after his death has been promised to the Veterinary College for dissection. In paddocks the Arundel horses are always noticeable for quarter sheets bearing their names—which, it goes without saying, is the work of Mrs. Day, and is always done in the owner's colours. The white wooden rails of the old Goodwood stand are now placed as ornamentations in Day's pretty gardens—of the iron rails he makes pokers as gifts for his friends.

Prophetic.

The presence of Precentor after his Newbury form has spoilt the Haydock Park Handicap of the week-end, for the horse should certainly win one—or even both. And another in the beaten field there in Detection should gain the Lewes Handicap. As a general hint, it may be best to expect Pickering to win a fair share of races at Brighton, where a whole "fleet" of his horses are running.

£50,000 guaranteed deposit at Bankers. A deposit of this amount is enough in itself to ensure the confidence of every sportsman, and the keen pleasure of racing is greatly augmented by a feeling of absolute security in your turf accountant.

Select one, therefore, who has a sound business of long standing. Take, for instance, Mr. D. M. Gant (member of Tattersall's), 25, Conduit Street, W., known throughout the length and breadth of the land as England's premier turf accountant.

Many of the leading newspapers and magazines have independently investigated Mr. Gant's business, and in every case tributes have hereafter appeared recommending readers to transact their business with this excellent house.

In a word, this is a high-class turf commission agent's business, intelligently managed, on sound and straightforward principles, and offering the best terms obtainable. Clients can rest assured that they will receive prompt cash settlements, however large their claims.

JAMES WEBSTER,
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THE TURF CHRONICLE, containing latest market movements on all important races, sent free on receipt of address.
NO COMMISSION CHARGED on Starting Price Investments.
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Is your best proof of the fact whether you are enjoying the most advantageous terms, or not.
THOMAS HENRY DEY, MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND,
offers sportsmen really fair terms and financial stability.
Useful Booklet and Price List free on request.

There are FEW TO EQUAL US in the matter of
FAIR TERMS COUPLED WITH ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
SEND FOR POCKET BOOK OF TERMS.
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Best Terms. Particulars Free.
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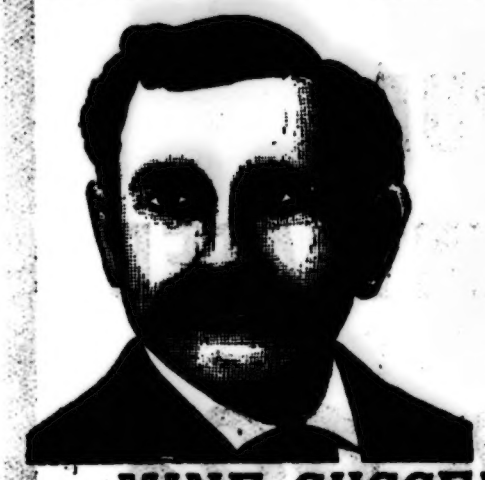
"Plastering, London."

TRACE AND PERCY,
15, JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W.
Every description of business undertaken. Advantageous terms post free on Application.
"LARRY LYNX," in the "People," April 1, 1906, attributes our success to straightforwardness and accuracy.

TOPPING & SPINDLER,
Turf Commission Agents,
FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND MOST EXTENSIVE FIRM OF TURF COMMISSION AGENTS in the WORLD.
NO COMMISSION CHARGED ON STARTING PRICE OR ACCUMULATORS AT STARTING PRICE.
ALL LETTERS TO BE ADDRESSED—
TOPPING & SPINDLER, FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
Postage 2½d. Post Cards 1d.

MERIT SELLS MY HAIR GROWER.



I HAVE THOUSANDS OF GOOD FRIENDS throughout the world. They have never seen me, and I have never seen them; but their gratitude for recovery of their hair has taken practical shape in the recommendation of one "friend to another."

IN THIS MANNER, and not by costly extravagant advertising, my well-known Hair Grower has obtained a truly large sale. It does not profess, like so many widely advertised preparations, to be an infallible specific; yet, faithfully used according to directions, it will in many cases of long-standing Baldness, Hair Falling Out, Bald Patches, and Lack of Hair, bring back the hair in plentiful quantity, where hair recovery would seem to be hopeless.

THIS FAMOUS FORMULA has been endorsed by many noted analytical experts in England, France, Germany, and America. Letters that are continually received show that in a few days after the first application new hair begins to grow, and continues until a healthy, strong permanent growth is manifest.

MINE SUCCEEDS WHERE ALL OTHERS FAIL.

I DO NOT ASK YOU TO BELIEVE this statement merely because I state it, but invite your perusal of the following letters, promiscuously selected from the hundreds of similar recommendatory letters which are constantly reaching me from all parts of the world, testifying to the remarkable benefits which have resulted from the use of my TRUE HAIR GROWER. I have omitted to print the full name and address for obvious reasons, but they ARE ALL GENUINE and open to the fullest investigation, and every letter can be shown and perused at my London office. TO EVERY THINKING PERSON THIS UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY MUST CARRY CONVICTION.

SOME REMARKABLE LETTERS.

HEAD COVERED WITH BALD PATCHES.

Penylan, Nr. Ruabon.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to say that your True Hair Grower has done excellent work. My head was covered with bald patches, and the doctor told me that the hair would never grow again, but with using your true hair grower, no one can see where the patches have been. I am doing my best to recommend it to my friends.

Yours truly, W.J.

CAME OUT IN COMBFULS.

Hertford.

DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to add my testimony to the value of your preparation. My wife was suffering for some time from a scurfy head and the hair came out in combfuls. All the remedies tried were of no avail, but seeing your advertisement decided to give your preparation a trial, and the effect has been marvellous. The hair has grown thick and strong with no falling off, and the scurf has completely disappeared.

Yours truly, A.B.

DONE WHAT OTHERS FAILED TO DO.

Ellington Road, Ramsgate.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to tell you that your True Hair Grower has made my hair grow splendidly. It is the best, for it has done what other so-called hair restorers have failed to do.

Yours faithfully, E.H.

HAIR GROWN BEAUTIFULLY.

Broxburn, N.B.

DEAR SIR,—I had a spot on the side of my head which became quite bare. I tried various other hair preparations but with no result. I sent for a trial box of your pomade in a very sceptical mood. This box convinced me there was merit in your formula, and I sent for a larger box. Now I can gratefully tell you the hair has grown beautifully, and I will most gladly reply to any enquirers giving my experience of your True Hair Grower.

Yours very sincerely, R.S.

WAS COMPLETELY BALD.

Pring Street, Sydney.

DEAR SIR,—I lost my hair in the year 1878, and although I tried a good many preparations, yours is the only one that produced good results. I have used it for the past three months, and my head is now covered with hair. I have every faith in your wonderful hair grower, as I have proved it is good. Yours faithfully, J.D.

NOTHING ELSE DID GOOD.

Epsom Road, Guildford.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry I have not written before to thank you for your preparation. I had tried everything but nothing did my hair any good until I got your True Hair Grower. I am telling all my friends about your compound, as I am only too pleased to have obtained success at last.

Yours faithfully, M.M.

HAIR NOW THICK AND CURLY.

Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

DEAR SIR,—It is but just, I think, to let you know how successful your hair grower has been in my case. After being in India for many years my hair became quite thin and lifeless. I tried all sorts of stuff, but nothing did it any good until I got your preparation. It has made a great change indeed, and my hair is now full and curly, and as thick as ever it was.

Yours faithfully, J.F.P.

QUITE SATISFIED.

Ecclesall, Sheffield.

DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to say that your True Hair Grower has done my hair more good than anything I have ever tried. I am quite satisfied as to the results of using it, and will gladly recommend to all my friends.

Yours truly, J.D.

HAIR FALLING FOR 31 YEARS.

Lichfield, Staffs.

DEAR SIR,—I hardly know how to express my great thanks for the benefit I have received from your preparation. My hair had been falling out for three and a half years, and I had tried several other preparations but without the slightest sign of success. When first I saw your advertisement I put it down as a fake like the others, but I sent for a trial box and you can imagine my surprise and delight when after the sixth application I saw new hair appearing.—Wishing you every success, Gratefully yours, J.P.P.

HAIR RAPIDLY COMING OFF IN PATCHES.

Fulham.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter to hand of last week. Please accept my apology for not writing before. I have much pleasure in stating that your preparation for the hair has proved very successful in my case. My hair was coming off in patches, but after applying your pomade it soon began to grow again, so that now nothing can be seen of the bald places, therefore I shall have much pleasure in recommending it to my friends. If you care to use this as a testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so.

Yours truly, F. C.

FIRST BOX MADE THE HAIR GROW QUITE THICK

Eastbourne.

DEAR SIR,—Just a line in answer to your note to let you know why I've delayed in sending for the second box. I am pleased to be able to state that the first box started the hair growing quite thick, so I thought it quite unnecessary to have any more, but have decided on second thoughts to have the rest of the treatment as agreed. I shall be very pleased to recommend your hair grower to anyone on any further occasion.—With best wishes for your business,

Yours truly, J. SIMPKIN.

GREAT DISTRIBUTION OF LARGE TRIAL BOXES.

My offer is a straightforward, honest proposition from a business man to sensible men and women. The merit of my True Hair Grower is in the preparation itself, and, so that you can make a fair test, if you will write to me I will send you a LARGE TRIAL BOX of the John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower for Six Stamps only. You will then soon be able to prove whether my statement that it does actually grow hair is true or not. I was bald; it cured me, and it has cured thousands of others. Package will be sent securely sealed in plain wrapper.

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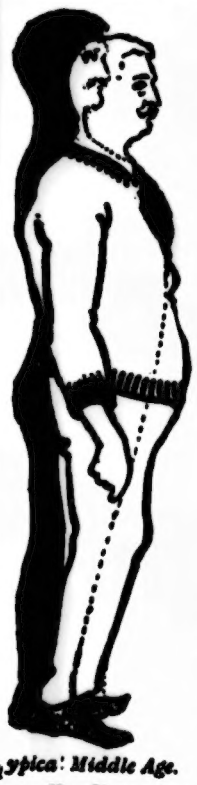

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